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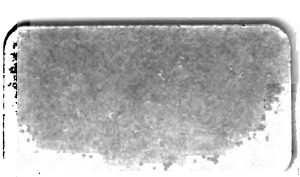

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MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE

OF

MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY,

WHO DIED IN CHARLESTON, S.C.

ON THE 10th OF JUNE, 1811, IN THE 52d YEAR OF HER AGE.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY, LETTERS, AND OTHER PRIVATE PAPERS.

AND ALSO

FROM LETTERS WRITTEN TO HER, BY HER FATHER, HENRY LAURENS, 1771–1776.

BY DAVID RAMSAY, M.D.

The experimental part of religion has generally a greater influence than its theory. *Mrs. Rowe's Posthumous Letter to Dr. Watts.*

SECOND EDITION.

CHARLESTOWN:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY SAMUEL ETHERIDGE, Jun'r.

1812.

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DISTRICT OF SOUTH CAROLINA, TO WIT:

BE it remembered that on the fifteenth day of July, Anno Domini one thousand, eight hundred and eleven, and in the thirty sixth year of the independence of the United States of America, Eleanor Henry Laurens Ramsay, Martha Henry Laurens Ramsay, Catharine Henry Laurens Ramsay, and Sabina Elliott Ramsay, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

Memoirs of the Life of Martha Laurens Ramsay, who died in Charleston, S.C. on the 10th of June, 1811, in the fifty second year of her age; with an Appendix, containing Extracts from her Diary, Letters, and other private papers, and also from Letters written to her by her father, Henry Laurens, 1771–1776. By David Ramsay, M.D.

The experimental part of religion has generally a greater influence than its theory. *Mrs. Rowe's Posthumous Letter to Dr. Watts.*

(L.S.) In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned," and, also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act for the encouragement of learning by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES JERVEY,
Federal Clerk, S. Carolina District.

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PREFACE.

The manuscripts which gave rise to this publication were found among the private papers of their author, Martha Laurens Ramsay, after her death, and were unseen by every human eye but her own, previous to that event. The first mention she ever made of them was in the full view of death, and only three days before its fatal stroke. She then announced the drawer in which they were deposited, and at the same time requested, that after they were read they might be kept as a common book of the family, or divided among its members. They appeared, on perusal, to be well calculated to excite serious impressions favourable to the interests of religion; for they were a practical, experimental comment on its nature and salutary effects even in this life. Its tendency to promote human happiness, and its sovereign efficacy to tranquillize the mind and administer consolation under afflictions, disappointments, and trials. They exhibited an example which teaches more compendiously and forcibly than

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precept, the value of piety, and the comfort of submission to the will of God. With this view of the subject it became an interesting inquiry, how far it would be proper to withhold them from that more enlarged sphere of usefulness, which would result from their publication? In determining this question, recourse was had to the opinions of the Rev. Drs. Hollinshead and Keith, under whose ministry the writer of the private papers, now published, had sat upward of twenty years, and to whom she was intimately known. They strongly recommended the publication as well calculated to do good. Their opinions and the reasons of them were given in the subjoined letters.* In publishing to the

* A letter from the Rev. Dr. Hollinshead to Dr. David Ramsay.

Charleston, S. C. July 1, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

The perusal of our much esteemed Mrs. Ramsay's papers has awakened in me many pleasing, though painful reflections. The loss of such a friend and such a member of our church is unspeakable. Her example, while she abode with us, was a living lecture on the importance of the human character in every part it has to act upon the stage of life, and eminently recommended the maxims and habits of our holy religion, as worthy of all acceptation. The devout reflections of her retired hours exhibit a mind impressed with the great realities of its eternal interests, truly solicitous to improve in godliness and virtue, and highly favoured at the same time with an intimate intercourse with heaven. Permit me to say, that I think the publication of these devout exercises of her heart, with a sketch of her life, might contribute much to the establishment and comfort of many pious exercised christians, who walk in fear and darkness,

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world the private religious exercises of an individual, it seemed a thing of course that some

for want of knowing how others have been affected in scenes of trial like their own. It would be read with interest and improvement by christians in every situation whether of prosperity or affliction. It would be peculiarly gratifying to a numerous circle to whom every memorial of their beloved departed friend will be precious. In presenting it to the community, which I think no person can so well do as yourself, you will perform an interesting and acceptable duty to society, and embalm, at the same time, the virtues and the memory of a most amiable christian. Your undertaking this will gratify many others as well as,

Dear Sir, your truly sympathizing, and affectionate friend,

W. HOLLINSHEAD.

A letter from the Rev. Dr. Keith, to Dr. David Ramsay.

Charleston, S. C. June 28, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

The manuscripts which you were so good as to leave with me, I now return with my cordial thanks for the favour of having them submitted to my perusal.

I have read them with that close attention, with that lively interest, with that melancholy pleasure, which have been naturally excited by the circumstance of their relating to a person, who stood high in my esteem and regards as a christian and a friend while living, and whose precious memory my heart is disposed ever to cherish with the tenderest mingled emotions of affection and regret.

From the earliest period of my acquaintance with Mrs. Ramsay, I have considered her as a lady of a very superior mind, of dispositions eminently benevolent, friendly and generous; and of those various and valuable accomplishments which could be derived only from the best education, from an assiduous attention to the most proper and effectual means of improvement, and from a long and intimate intercourse with many of the first characters in her native country and in Europe. She was, however, still

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account of that individual should be given at the same time; for without some such knowl-

much more honourably and happily distinguished by the grace of God, by which, in her early years, her heart was renewed and sanctified, and under the influence of which, through the succeeding course of her life, she exhibited in the view of all attentive and judicious observers, a bright and attractive example of the temper and conduct of a real christian. But it required that delineation of the sentiments, feelings, and exercises of her heart, which her own pen has drawn, for her own use in her most secret transactions with her Saviour and her God, to enable even her most intimate friends to see her character displayed in its brightest and most amiable beauties, in her deep and unaffected humility, in her undissembled and uncommon sense of sinfulness and unworthiness, in her remarkable self denial, in respect to worldly interests and enjoyments, in her strong and steadfast faith, trust and hope, and quiet, sweet resignation, under the most painful disappointments, afflictions, and trials, in the fervour of her devotions, in the closet as well as in the family, and the sanctuary, and at the table of the Lord, in the overflowings of her benevolence, and charity toward all around her, according to their respective circumstances, and in the ardour of her affections, especially to her own family and peculiar friends, expressed in her many prayers for them, and her often renewed solemn resolutions to do every thing within her power, by a conscientious, faithful, cheerful performance of every personal, relative, and religious duty for promoting their temporal, spiritual, and eternal interests and happiness.

Truly "her walk was close with God," and "her light shone brightly before men."

The impressions made on my own mind by the perusal of these Memoirs of Mrs. Ramsay, and extracts from her Diary, &c have irresistibly led me to wish and earnestly to desire that they may be permitted to appear in print. To withhold such papers from the public, would be to deprive many, very many, into whose hands they might come, of a most pleasing entertainment, and a rich benefit. To her family and friends, in whose hearts she still lives, the volume would be a most welcome and precious memorial of

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edge, many of the reflections of the writer would be comparatively uninteresting, if not unintelligible. It was therefore resolved to prefix to the manuscripts, some general account of the author, as far as was necessary, to throw light on their contents. The publication of these private papers was the original design, the publication of the life of their author only secondary and incidental, as an in-

what she was in herself, and of what she was to them. While to an extensive circle of readers, fond of books of this description, it would afford the desirable means of becoming acquainted with the excellent and amiable character, with the eminent christian virtues and attainments, of one who adorned every relation which she sustained, and filled with dignity and usefulness, every sphere of life in which she moved.

Thus, "she being dead, would continue to speak" forcibly and persuasively it is hoped, to the children of the world, in favour of the divine and blessed Saviour, to whom she lived and died; and more especially to the disciples and friends of this Saviour, she would speak with the best effect in the way of instruction, encouragement, and consolation, relative to the various scenes of duty and trial, in which they may be called to be followers of her, and of all like her, "who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises."

Under the influence of these, and similar reasons, you will, I trust, yield to the call of duty, and consider yourself as rendering an important service to the public, and a due tribute of praise to the God of all grace, by consenting to publish these valuable papers as soon as may be practicable.

In all christian regards, including a tender sympathy toward yourself and your dear children, under every trial, and especially under this peculiarly heavy affliction, Mrs. K. cordially joins with,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere, and affectionate friend,

ISAAC S. KEITH.

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troduction to the effusions of her heart, which had been put on paper solely for her own private use. God grant that their publication may be the means of exciting in others, and especially the connexions and friends of their author, the same lively sentiments of fervent rational piety with which she was animated.

DAVID RAMSAY.

Charleston, S. C. July 15, 1811.

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PREFACE.

SECOND EDITION.

THE Editor of the present Edition of these Memoirs, had the honour and happiness of a long acquaintance with the subject of them, and cheerfully gives his testimony, with that of others, to the eminent worth of her character, and to the faithfulness of her biographer. The religion of Mrs. Ramsay was the warm, vital, active, unaffected religion of the Bible. Happy would be the effect, if at this period of languor, when the standard of religious exercises and experience is so low, if these Memoirs, should contribute, by the blessing of God, in any measure to raise it.

The Editor subjoins the testimony of Rev. BENJAMIN PALMER, of Beaufort, S. C. contained in a letter to the Rev. Dr. KEITH, as follows.

"Mrs. P. and myself have been reading the very valuable little volume, Memoirs of Mrs. Ramsay, which you sent me by Mr. Hulburt. My opinion of that excellent lady's piety and learning, had been great, ever since I was capable of forming an opinion,

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and had an opportunity to do it. But I can truly say, that these Memoirs have disclosed such a rare assemblage of mental and moral excellencies, that until I read them, the half was not known to me. What a wonderful faculty she must have possessed, of keeping concealed her superior qualities under the veil of so much apparently entire unconsciousness of her own uncommon superiority. Surely, if in any instance, the left hand has not been allowed to know what the right hand doth, it is in this. I know not how to express the exalted opinion I now entertain of her unusual merit. I do not know when I have read any thing with more interest and delight. This may, in part, be owing to my having had the honour and pleasure of a personal acquaintance with her; but I am sure that independent of that circumstance, the effect would have been nearly the same. What a model of female excellence, in every point of view, do her biography and letters exhibit. I hope with you, and cannot but believe, that these *Memoirs* will prove a blessing to many readers."

Charlestown, Mass. May 1, 1812.

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MEMOIRS, &c.

MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY was born in Charleston, S. C. on the 3d. of November, 1759. She was the daughter of Henry Laurens and of Eleanor Ball, and born in the ninth year after their marriage. By the father's side she was of French extraction. Her great grand parents were born in Rochelle, and suffered in the famous siege of that place. They were Hugonots or Protestants. Being, by the revocation of the edict Nantz, compelled to leave their native country, they came to America in the latter end of the 17th. century. Her maternal ancestors migrated from Devonshire in England, and settled in South Carolina about the same time.

In the first year of her life she had the small pox so severely that she was supposed to be dead, and as such was actually laid out preparatory to her funeral. This was done under an open window, instead of the close room in which she had been kept, according to the absurd mode of treating the small pox in 1760. Dr. Moultrie, coming in at this

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crisis, pronounced her to be still alive, probably recalled to life by the fresh air of the open window. Under other circumstances she would shortly have been buried, as was then commonly done, with persons who died of the small pox in that year of extensive mortality. A valuable life was thus providentially saved for future usefulness.

Martha Laurens early discovered a great capacity and eagerness for learning. In the course of her third year she could readily read any book, and, what is extraordinary, in an inverted position, without any difficulty. In youth her vivacity and spirits were exuberant. Feats of activity, though attended with personal danger, were to her familiar; great exertions of bodily labour; romantic projects; excesses of the wildest play were preferred to stagnant life; but from all these she could be turned off in a moment to serious business. As she grew up, the same activity was exerted in acquiring the useful and ornamental parts of female education. She very soon acquired a grammatical knowledge of the French language; a considerable eminence in reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, geography, the use of the globes. She even acquired a considerable acquaintance with geometry* and math-

* Among her private papers has been found, accurately drawn by her hand, the first plan of the present circular

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ematical science. At the same time she was indefatigable in cultivating an acquaintance with books; and, by means of abridging, transcribing, and committing to memory, was very successful in retaining much of what she read. In accomplishments and the ornamental parts of education, she excelled, and in the exercise of them took great delight.

In the 11th. year of her age she sustained an immense loss by the death of her excellent mother; but this was in some measure made up by the maternal care of her good aunt, Mary Laurens, the wife of James Laurens, whose sound judgment, refined manners, and eminent piety well fitted her for training up her orphan niece for both worlds. To her care, and to that of his brother, Henry Laurens committed the charge of his two daughters, while he went to superintend the education of his sons in Europe. There he continued till the end of the year 1774, when love for his country brought him back to its defence against the aggressions of Britain. Thus, while Providence deprived Miss Laurens of the instructions and example of her

church, but without the western projection afterward added by others. This preceded the elegant plan of the ingenious architect, Mr. Mills, and was introductory to the motion which ultimately terminated in the adoption of the circular form.

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natural mother, it raised up another friend, who performed the maternal duties with equal capacity, fidelity, and affection. Though she was deprived of the company of her wise and virtuous father, for almost the whole of that interesting period, which extended from the 11th. to the 22d. year of her age, she continued to receive letters from him. From 1771 till 1775 his paternal instructions, communicated by letter, were calculated to forward the virtuous education of a beloved daughter, growing up with fair prospects of an ample fortune; but in and after 1775 he warned her of the probability that his estate would be forfeited, and that her father and brother in arms would lose their lives, and that she must prepare to maintain herself by her own exertions.* These anticipations were not fully realized; but the expectation of them had a direct tendency to assist in forming the solid education of the person to whom they were addressed.

Miss Laurens, in her 12th. year, began to be the subject of serious religious impressions. She was well instructed in the great gospel mystery of salvation by the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ for the sins of the world. And there is good reason to believe, that at a very early period she was

* See Appendix No. I. for extracts from these letters.

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brought by the grace of God cordially to accept of salvation freely offered, though dearly purchased.

In the 15th. year of her age, in conformity to the advice of Dr. Doddridge, and in a form of words recommended by him, she prepared, and solemnly executed an instrument of writing, called by her with great propriety, "A self dedication and solemn covenant with God." In this, after a suitable introduction "she presents before her Maker the whole frame of her nature, all the faculties of her mind, and all the members of her body, as a living sacrifice holy and acceptable unto God." And "not only consecrates all that she was, and all that she had to his service, but humbly resigns to his heavenly will all that she called hers, to be disposed of as he pleased."* In the Old Testament we several times read of the rulers, priests, and people among the Jews solemnly covenanting before God, to renounce their transgressions and to adhere to his service. In the 9th. and 10th. chapters of Nehemiah there is a particular account of a covenant to this effect, drawn up in writing, and ratified by the names and seals of the persons who consented to it. Whether in

* See Appendix, No. II. for an exact copy of this solemn act. The original will be shown to such friends as may desire to see it.

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addition to these examples from holy writ, and the recommendation of Dr. Doddridge, there were any particular circumstances, which, at that time, induced Miss Laurens to enter into this written engagement to be the Lord's, is unknown. It is believed that she kept the transaction secret from all the world, and that the paper in question, now 37 years old, was never seen by any human being before her death. At the time of its execution she was exactly fourteen years and seven weeks old, was in possession of all the comforts of life, and had as brilliant prospects before her as any of her sex in Carolina. The only serious affliction she had then met with was the loss of her mother. This had taken place three years and seven months before, and the keen sensations occasioned thereby must, in the ordinary course of things, have been nearly worn off by time. The engagements thus solemnly entered into by Miss Laurens were in unison with her subsequent conduct through life. Of the sincerity of the transaction, on her part, on a view of all its circumstances, no doubt can exist.

In the year 1775, James Laurens, his wife and two nieces, Martha Laurens and Mary Eleanor Laurens, afterward the wife of Charles Pinckney, went to England. Martha Laurens was received on her landing by her elder brother, John Laurens, from whom

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she had been for some years separated. Being older, he had taken great delight in forwarding her education, and particularly, in forming her mind to be superior to the common accidents of life, and the groundless fears of some of her sex. To ascertain whether his labours had been successful or not, he bribed the postillion to drive very rapidly, and at the same time, without discovering his views, narrowly watched her countenance, to observe whether there were any changes in it expressive of womanish fears at the novel scene, so totally different from all her former travelling in the low, flat, stoneless country of Carolina. On the termination of the experiment to his satisfaction, he announced to his unsuspecting sister his congratulations, that "he had found her the same Spartan girl he had left her."

In 1775, when Miss Laurens left America, she destroyed all her private papers, except the act of self dedication, just mentioned. These were numerous, though the last of them were written before she had completed her sixteenth year. They chiefly consisted of devotional remarks on passing events; statements of the religious exercises of her mind; a diary, and extracts from books she had read. This destruction she often regretted, but consented to it, from the prospect of an itinerant life, during her exile

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from home, and still more, from the unsettled state of her native country on the commencement of the revolutionary war. The same process, with the exception of two papers,* and for the same reasons was repeated some years after, when she went from England to France. During her residence in England she wrote much, and her subsequent regret was greater for its destruction.† She

* See Appendix, No. III. for copies of these two papers.

† Since writing this sentence the editor had reason to hope, that something of importance, written by Miss Laurens, while in England, was still in existence, and in the possession of her intimate friend, Miss Brailsford; accordingly he, by letter, asked for information, and requested if such writing existed, to be favoured with its perusal. To his application the following answer was returned.

SIR,

In consequence of your application of yesterday, I enclose for your perusal two small books of reflections given me many years since, by my late much loved friend, dear Mrs. Ramsay; but under such injunctions that no human eye but my own should ever see them, that I never thought myself at liberty to show them, even to my beloved mother, and I can scarcely think myself justified in doing what I now do. Yet the very close relation in which you were united to her, makes me particularly anxious to comply with your request; and I trust if her pure and highly exalted spirit now beholds me, she does not disapprove this act. I beg to be most affectionately remembered to your dear family,

And remain, sir,
Your humble servant,
ELIZABETH BRAILSFORD.

June 29, 1811.

For the papers thus providentially brought to view, though their existence was unknown and unsuspected when this work commenced, see Appendix, No. IV.

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afterward either discontinued writing, or destroyed what she wrote, for no papers of any consequence have been found among her manuscripts, as written during the subsequent seven years of her residence in Europe.

During the first years of the American revolution, and for a short period after its termination, Miss Laurens resided in various parts of England, improving her mind and preparing herself for meeting the contemplated loss of her father, brother, and fortune by the events of war, and at the same time doing every office of love to her afflicted uncle. She afterward continued the same kind services to him for several years in France. In that country, in the year 1784, he was released by death,* from a long protracted, painful complaint, under which he had laboured for the last ten years of his life; and his surviving friends, with pious sacrilege, stole for him a grave, in which they deposited his remains. Mr. James Laurens having no children of his own, proposed to leave the bulk of his estate to Miss Laurens, his faith-

* When Mr. James Laurens died in Vigan, his niece Martha Laurens was with her father in England. She started out of bed, and pronounced that her uncle was just dead; and at her request the day and hour was committed to writing, by Miss Futerell. In the ordinary course of the posts between the two countries, intelligence of his death arrived, and the day and hour of it precisely corresponded with what had been recorded as aforesaid in England.

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ful nurse, and affectionate niece; but she peremptorily refused the acceptance thereof to the deterioration of the reasonable expectations of her brothers and sister. The will was framed agreeable to her wishes; but the testator, in addition to a child's share, left her a specific legacy of five hundred pounds sterling, declared in his will to be "a token of his friendship for her; and as an acknowledgment for the services she had rendered to him and his family, and for her good and gentle conduct upon all occasions."

While Miss Laurens resided in England, she formed an acquaintance with many persons eminent for their piety, and particularly with the countess of Huntingdon, by whom she was very much noticed. She highly prized the company of such persons, and from them received both pleasure and improvement.

After the treaty of France with congress, in 1778, and particularly the rejection in the same year of the offers of Great Britain, for a reunion with her late colonies, the situation of the Carolina Laurens family in England was unpleasant. Henry Laurens was at that time president of congress, and had officially conducted the correspondence of that body with the British commissioners, which terminated in a rejection of their offers. Miss Laurens was often obliged to hear her native country

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abused, and to read and hear her beloved father calumniated as a fomentor of the disputes between Britain and her colonies; and as an aspiring, ambitious man, wishing to rise to consequence at every hazard; but taught by his sage advice, and her own good sense, she shunned all political controversy. Unable to render her suffering country any other service, she daily offered up her fervent prayers in its behalf.

Mr. James Laurens, his two nieces, and their aunt, or second mother, finding it expedient to leave England, passed over to France, and lived there till the re-establishment of peace. During the greatest part of this period, of six or seven years, and the whole of the time of their residence in England, they were almost wholly cut off from their usual means of support, for their property was in America, three thousand miles distant. War raged, and the Atlantic ocean rolled between them and it. In this forlorn situation they found ample occasion for all the comforts of that religion which they professed. The greatest economy was necessary. A residence in Vigan was preferred on account of the cheapness of living. There Miss Laurens spent her time usefully to her uncle, profitably to herself. and as pleasantly as straitened circumstances, anxiety for her friends and native country, then the seat of war,

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would permit. She had many opportunities of improving her mind by reading and conversation, which she diligently improved. She and the family of her uncle received great civilities from the French, for the same reasons that they received slights from the English. But nevertheless, they had all abundant scope for the exercise of faith, patience, and trust in that Being to whom they had committed all their concerns. Love to their common Father in heaven, and love and harmony among themselves sweetened their frugal repasts, and took away the bitterness of the cup of affliction from which they were obliged deeply to drink.

In the year 1780, Miss Laurens's father was taken a prisoner, and confined on a charge of high treason in the tower of London, and his life staked on the success of the American revolution. If that had failed, it would have been easy to have convicted him of the crime with which he was charged, and not easy to have saved him from the penalty annexed to it. The disorder of her uncle became daily worse, and required unceasing attention by night, and by day. Charleston was taken by the British; Carolina overrun by their armies; remittances were not only rendered impossible, but the loss of the whole capital extremely probable. The alarms of her father, at the commencement of the war, seem-

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ed to be on the point of being realized. About the same time, intelligence was received that her dearly beloved brother, John Laurens, had fallen in battle. Under this complication of distresses, she found the wisdom and comfort of having secured a friend in her Maker, by a solemn covenant, entered into with him in the morning of life, and in the full enjoyment of health, and in the fair prospect of every worldly blessing. From this source she drew much consolation, and bore up under every trial, trusting in Him to whom she had, in a most solemn manner, consecrated herself. In due time the clouds of adversity began to disperse; the prospects of America brightened. Her father was discharged from confinement, and after a separation of seven years, she joined him in Paris, and presided over his domestic concerns, while he assisted in the negotiations which terminated in peace and the acknowledged independence of the United States. The transition from the nurse's chamber, in a remote country place, to the head of the table of a minister plenipotentiary in the metropolis of France, was great and sudden. Amidst the gayeties of Paris, in which she occasionally indulged, her bible was her companion and counsellor. She read it by day, and meditated on it by night. It had taught her to bear adversity with patience, resignation, and

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fortitude; and now kept her from the intoxication and follies, which are too apt to grow out of prosperity.

About this time, Miss Laurens received from her father, a present of five hundred guineas. For some years before she had been obliged to live in restricted circumstances, from the impossibility of receiving supplies. To make up for this suspension of her father's usual liberality, he gave her the above mentioned sum at once. Of this she appropriated only a small part to her own use. With the surplus she purchased one hundred French testaments, which was the whole number at market; gave them away* among the poor, in and near Vigan, and also established a school for the instruction of the youth in the same place, engaged a master to preside over it, and constituted a fund to defray its annual expenses. There is reason to believe that the institution continues to this day, for the funds left were fully adequate to its support in that part of France, where the expenses of education and living, were then astonishingly low.

* Mrs. Ramsay was very much in the habit of giving books as keepsakes. To young persons she generally gave the bible and Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion. Many persons both in Europe and in America, have received these books from her, with a short memorandum in her hand writing, pointing out their important contents.

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The restoration of peace to Carolina in 1783, pointed out the propriety of the return of the inhabitants. Miss Laurens, with her aunt and sister, arrived in Charleston in 1785, after a long absence, comprehending something more than the whole period of the American revolution. Their joy on finding their native country at peace, and raised from the humble rank of a dependent colony to that of an independent state, was inexpressible. Now, for the first time, after leading an unsettled life for ten years, they found themselves at home. On the 23d of January, 1787, Miss Laurens was married to Dr. David Ramsay, and in the course of the ensuing sixteen years, became the mother of eleven children. Of these eight survived. Mrs. Ramsay now displayed the same virtuous habits, and the same energy of character, in taking care of her children, in promoting her husband's happiness, and making a well ordered home his chief delight, that had formerly distinguished Miss Laurens in acquiring useful knowledge, and discharging the duties of a daughter, a sister, and a niece. Soon after she became a mother, she studied with deep interest most of the esteemed practical treatises on education, both in French and English, that she might be better informed of the nature and extent of her new duties. She gave a decided preference to the writ-

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ings of Mr. Locke and Dr. Witherspoon on that subject. The object she proposed to herself was to obtain for her children, health of body and a well regulated mind. To secure the former, they were from their birth daily washed in cold water, and throughout the whole period of infancy, permitted to expose themselves with uncovered feet, to wet and cold, and all the varieties and sudden changes of Carolina weather. To favour the latter, they were taught to curb their tempers; to subject their passions to the supreme dominion of reason and religion; to practise self denial; to bear disappointments; and to resist the importunity of present pleasure or pain, for the sake of what reason pronounces fit to be done or borne. She suckled all her children without the aid of any wet nurse; watched over them by night and day; and clung to them every moment of sickness or pain. They were the subjects of her prayers before they were born, and every subsequent day of her life. With one exception she devoted them all to God in baptism, publicly in church, at a time, when private baptisms were common; for she rejoiced in every proper opportunity of declaring to the world her firm belief of the christian religion, and her respect for all its institutions. As soon as they were capable of receiving religious instruction, she liberally imparted it; and

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early taught them their miserable and corrupted state by nature; that they were born into a world of sin and misery; surrounded with temptations; and without a possibility of salvation, but by the grace of God, and a participation in the benefits procured for sinners, by the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and at the same time, that God was the hearer of prayer, the tenderest of fathers, and the best of friends to all who put their trust in him. She early taught them to read their bibles. That this might be done pleasantly she connected with it Mrs. Trimmer's prints of scripture history; that it might be done with understanding, she made them read, in connection with their bibles, Watts's short view of the whole scripture history, and, as they advanced to a proper age, Newton on the Prophecies; and such books, as connect sacred with profane history, and the Old with the New Testament; so that the Bible, though written in periods widely remote from each other, might appear to them a uniform, harmonious system of divine truth. Of this blessed book she enjoined upon them daily to read a portion, and to prize it as the standard of faith and practice; as a communication from heaven on eternal concerns; as the word of God pointing out the only way to salvation; as a letter of love sent from their heavenly Father to direct their wandering feet to the paths of truth and

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happiness. From it she was taught "that foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." She therefore, on proper occasions, used the rod, but always with discretion and judgment, sometimes with prayer, often with tears, but never with anger. She was well acquainted with the plans of Rousseau, and other modern reformers, who are for discarding the rod and substituting confinement, and other visionary projects in its place; but considered them all as inferior in efficacy, to the prudent use of the rod; and believed that nothing injured the temper less, or more effectually promoted the proper end of punishment in young subjects, than corporal pain, applied judiciously and simultaneously with the offence; and that the modern substitutes for the rod often nourished a sullen obstinacy of temper, without mending the heart or practice. As her children advanced in years, she conducted her sons through a course of education fitting them to enter college, and with the help of her tried and accomplished friend, Miss Futerell, she carried her daughters at home through the several studies taught in boarding schools. In every period of her adult age, whether married or single, when, from accidental circumstances, she was the head of the family, and in health, she daily read to her domestic circle, a por-

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tion of the holy scriptures, and prayed with them; and frequently on particular occasions, with one or more individuals of it, and regularly, every Sunday, with her young white and black family, in addition to catechetical instructions given to both at the same time. In case of a temporary separation, extraordinary deliverance, providence, misconduct, or even of a quarrel among her boys, she would take the parties and present them with herself before the throne of Grace, and in a solemn address to their common heavenly Father, and her covenant God, state all the circumstances of the case, and implore of him by his grace, to give them the temper, disposition, and views, which were suitable to their situation and condition. * She prized prayer as the courtier does a key, that at all times gives him access to the presence of his sovereign; and in all the important transactions of her life, resolved on nothing till she had

* It is remarkable, that from and after the time col. John Laurens was killed in South Carolina, August 27th. 1782, his sister, the subject of these memoirs, then in Vigan, never put up a prayer for him, though she was previously in the habit of praying frequently for him; and his death was unknown to her for two or three months after it had taken place. She mentioned the fact, without pretending to account for it, and added, that she several times wondered at her omission of that usual part of her duty, and resolved to retire for the purpose of praying for her brother; but that in every such case, some sudden call or other unexpected event interposed to prevent her doing so.

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previously sought direction of God respecting it. She might be said to live a life of prayer, for she incorporated it with her daily business, and was so habituated to its constant practice, that prayers frequently constituted a part of her dreams. Believing most thoroughly that God's providence extends to every event and every circumstance of the life of every human being, and subscribing to the doctrine of Dr. Leechman, in his excellent sermon on prayer, which she highly prized, "that it is as absurd to expect we shall arrive at virtue and happiness without prayer, as it would be for the husbandman to hope he shall have his usual crop, though he bestow none of his usual labour and industry." She practically conformed to the apostolic precept "pray without ceasing," and daily brought before her Maker the cases of herself, family, friends, neighbours, and sometimes of strangers, whose situation was known to be interesting.

She was a constant and devout attendant on divine service; steadily recorded the text, and occasionally made a short analysis of the sermon. * She generally spent a considera-

* These memorandums, with pious notices of passing providences, prayers, and other religious exercises and records of the state of Mrs. Ramsay's mind, on important occasions, were entered by her in books in the form of a diary, but with considerable chasms. For extracts from this diary, see Appendix, N°. V.

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ble part of the intervals of public worship, in catechising and instructing her children and servants; in reading with them the Bible and other good books, particularly "Burkitt's help and guide to Christian families." In performing this duty, she placed her children around her, and read alternately with them verses in the Bible, and Watts's Psalms and Hymns, or sentences in other religious books, so as to teach them at the same time, by her example, the art of reading with emphasis and propriety. The exercise was occasionally varied by reading in the same manner the New Testament in Greek, with her sons, and in French with her daughters. From the seventeenth year of her age, she was a regular, steady, and devout attendant on the communion. In this she found so much comfort, that she regretted absence from it, as a serious loss. She possessed herself of the names of the new members admitted to it from time to time, and recorded * them as

* On one occasion, to the record of the names of the persons admitted to the communion, the following verses are subjoined.

Pity the Nations, O our God,
Constrain the world to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

We long to see thy churches full,
That all the ransomed race,
May with one voice, and heart and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

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brothers and sisters in Christ, who broke with her the bread of life, at the same table of their common Lord, and prayed for each individual of them, whether she had any personal acquaintance with them or not, and took a particular delight in rendering to them, and her other fellow communicants, every kind office in her power; for she had high ideas of the communion of saints among themselves, as being conjoined into one mystical body of Christ, throughout this world, and partly in heaven, all united under one common head, and bound to each other by peculiar ties.

Mrs. Ramsay was uncommonly economical of her time. She suffered none of it to be wasted. By rising early she secured the most valuable portion of it for devotion and business. A reasonable part of every day was spent in religious exercises. Much in reading well chosen books, and also in copying original papers for her father and husband;* much in working, for the accommo-

* She wrote very fast, and, at the same, a round, distinct, legible hand. Her father pronounced her to be the best clerk he ever employed; and it is well known to his contemporaries, in business, that he had many, and that several of them were very good ones. In addition to many minor services in copying, she transcribed for her husband his History of the American Revolution, Life of Washington, Review of the Progress of medicine in the eighteenth century, and the early part of his Universal History, now ready for publication, nor did she desist, till she had trained her daughters to do as she had done.

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dation of her family ;* and much in teaching her children, and forming their minds to virtue, and knowledge,† and often a considerable part of it in writing letters‡ to her absent friends. In these she was grave or gay

* In every kind of female employment, she was very expert, and despatched a great deal of business in a little time. In reading, writing, and working, she was equally expeditious, and in each department, performed as much as could reasonably be expected, from one who was exclusively employed in that alone.

The amount done in every case was not diminished by the extremity of heat, in a Carolina summer. On the contrary, she often impressed on her children, that steady, constant light work under cover, diminished the sensation of heat, while it was increased in the case of a listless, complaining, unemployed person.

† In teaching, Mrs. Ramsay possessed more than ordinary resources, and took more than ordinary pains. For her first children, she compiled an English grammar, being dissatisfied with what had been written by Lowth, Ash, and others; but when she became acquainted with Lindlay Murray's writings, she laid aside her own compend, and received his, as throwing new light on what before was obscure. She taught her children, to read such books, as she pointed out to them, with care and attention; and repeatedly, till the substance, not the words, of what they read, was imprinted on their minds. This she preferred to loading the memory with long extracts, committed verbatim. That they might be exercised in this more profitable way, she prepared questions, on the most interesting portions of ancient and modern history; particularly, Asiatic, Roman, English, and biblical history. These they were expected to answer from their general knowledge of the subject; but, without committing the answers to memory. She has left behind her three packets of historic questions of this kind, which were her text book, in examining her children, when reading historical works.

‡ For extracts from these letters, see Appendix, N°. VI.

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as the subject required. In writing letters of consolation, to persons in affliction, she excelled. In other cases, where fancy was admissible, the sprightliness of her imagination, gave a brilliancy to trifles, which imparted to them an interest of which they seemed scarcely susceptible. With a few exceptions she declined all visits in the day, as destructive of her plans for making every hour turn to the best account. When the business of the day was ended, she indulged her social habits. The number of books she read, was astonishingly great, and her memory uncommonly strong, in retaining the substance of their contents. She could recite nearly the whole of Young's Night Thoughts, without book. Psalm and prayer books, were to her unnecessary; for their contents were imprinted in her mind. With the Holy Scriptures she was intimately acquainted, and could readily quote, or turn to any text, or passage, bearing on any present subject of conversation. The Latin and Greek classics, she had read in translations, at a very early period. By catching from her brother, by studying occasionally his Latin grammar, and books; and by the aid of an accurate knowledge of the French language, and the general principles of grammar, as applied to the English and French languages, she laid such a foundation, that

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when she became the mother of children, for their sakes she ran over the Latin and Greek classics, in the short method recommended by Mr. Locke, so as to make her a profitable instructor to them, in these languages. With the same views, she began, and to a considerable extent prosecuted the study of botany. From the same versatility of genius, and habits of industry, after she was married, she read with attention, most of the practical writers on medicine, that are usually put into the hands of medical students; and studied with particular interest, such of them, as treat of the diseases of women and children. In times of general sickness, when her husband was full of business, she frequently shortened his labours, in studying cases of peculiar difficulty, by running over his books, and finding similar cases; and collecting in one view, for his inspection, the opinions and practice of standard medical authors, on diseases of the same nature. She was familiar with most of the modern works of genius, taste, and imagination, written in the English and French language and enjoyed them. In solid learning, she was not deficient. Locke's essay on the Human Understanding. Watts's Logic, Improvement of the Mind. Philosophical Essays, and other works of science, were the studies of her youth. To these, as she grew up, she added natural and civil history,

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biography, astronomy, chronology, philosophy, voyages, travels, &c. In divinity, she read much of what was practical, but rarely looked into any thing that was controversial. A few fundamental doctrines, such as free salvation, by the atoning sacrifice of the coequal Son of God, and sanctification by the Spirit, she considered as essential, and worth contending for; but disputes on minor, unessential points, she considered as injurious to peace, harmony, and the best interests of religion, and would not waste her time in studying them, any farther than making up her opinion on particular points, from what appeared to her own mind, to be revealed in the word of God. If that was silent, or did not decide for or against any opinion or practice, she took no farther pains in its investigation. Though she highly delighted in the effusions of genius, and elegancies of fine writing, she found great profit and pleasure in reading the plain, but substantial, practical works of some of the old divines, of the seventeenth, and early periods of the eighteenth century. Baxter, Flavel, Boston, Owen, Allen, Drelincourt, Henry, Burkitt, Watts, and Doddridge, and some others of the same stamp, were her favourite authors. These she read with attention, and underscored with a pencil such passages, as were most interesting. From Henry's Exposition of the Scriptures, she

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made considerable transcripts, which have been found in packets of her writing. She felt a particular interest in the prosperity of a family in Charleston, descended from the famous Thomas Boston, of Ettrick, in Scotland, author of a book, entitled, "The Crook in the Lot, or the Sovereignty and Wisdom of God, in the afflictions of man;" from the reading of which, she had received much comfort and benefit. Owen on Indwelling Sin, and Flavel on Providence, and on keeping the heart, she repeatedly read. Among her papers has been found an abridgment of the last mentioned work, made by herself, and written with her own hand.*

* ABRIDGMENT.

To keep the heart, is carefully to preserve it from sin, which disorders it, and maintain that spiritual frame, which fits it for a life of communion with God; and this keeping of the heart, includes in it, these six acts. 1st. Frequent examinations of the frame of the heart turning in, and examining how the case stands with it.

2d. Deep humiliation, under a sense of soul disorders, and heart evils

3d. Earnest prayer to God, for heart purifying and rectifying grace, when sin hath defiled and disordered it.

4th. The imposing of strong engagements and bonds upon ourselves, to walk more accurately with God, and avoid the occasions, whereby the heart may be induced to sin.

5th. A constant, holy jealousy, over our own hearts; and,

6th. A realizing sense of God's presence with us, and a setting the Lord always before us.

To keep the heart, is hard work; constant work, and the most important work; the honour of God; the sincer-

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From this strict discipline of the heart, obtained by the means before mentioned,

ity of our profession; the beauty of our conversation; the comfort of our souls; the improvement of our graces and our stability in the hour of temptation, are all wrapt up in, and dependent on our care and sincerity, in heart work.

Motives for keeping the heart.

1st. The studying and keeping the heart, helps the understanding in the deep mysteries of religion.

2d. It preserves it against the infection of dangerous errors.

3d. It is one of the best evidences of sincerity.

4th. All ordinances would be fruitful, sweet, and comfortable, if our hearts were better kept.

5th. Acquaintance with the heart, furnishes a fountain of matter for prayer.

6th. By keeping the heart, the decayed power of religion, will be recovered among professors.

7th. By diligently keeping the heart, we shall prevent, and remove scandals and stumbling blocks out of the world.

8th. A heart well kept, will fit us for any condition, God casts us into, or any service he hath to use us in.

9th. Diligently to keep the heart would exceedingly sweeten the communion of saints.

10th By keeping the heart, the comforts of the spirit, and precious influences of all ordinances would be fixed, and much longer preserved on the soul than they now are.

Look over these ten special benefits; weigh them in a just balance. Are they small matters? Is it a small thing to have thy weak understanding assisted; thine endangered soul antidoted; thy sincerity cleared; thy communion with God sweetened? Is it a small thing to have the decayed power of Godliness revived? all fatal scandals removed; the communion of Saints restored to its primitive glory, and the influences of ordinances, abiding in the souls of Saints? if these be no common blessings, no small benefits then surely it is a great duty to keep the heart with all diligence.

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consequences resulted which were not contemplated. In attendance on the communion,

Special means for keeping the heart.

Means 1st. Would you thus keep your heart as hath been recommended; then furnish your hearts richly with the word of God, which is the best preservative against sin.

2d. Call your hearts frequently to an account, if ever you mean to keep them with God.

3d. Take heed of plunging into such a multiplicity of earthly business as you cannot manage without neglecting your main business.

4th. Carefully observe the heart's first declensions from God, and stop them there.

5th. Take heed of losing the liveliness, and sweetness, of your communion with God, lest thereby your hearts be loosed off from God.

6th. Habituate thy heart to spiritual meditation, if thou wouldst have it freed from base burdensome diversion

Words of consolation to those who are plying heart work, groaning and weeping. in secret, over the hardness, pride, earthliness, and vanity of their hearts; fearing and trembling over the experienced deceitfulness, and falseness of them.

1st. This argues the heart to be upright and honest, whatever thy other gifts and abilities may be.

2d. God would never leave thee under so many heart troubles, and burdens, if he intended not thy real benefit thereby

3d. God will shortly put a blessed end to all these troubles, cares, and watching. The time is coming when thy heart shall be as thou wouldst have it, when thou shalt be discharged of all these cares, fears, and sorrows, and never cry out, Oh my hard, my proud, my vain, my earthly heart, any more. When all darkness shall be banished from thy understanding, and thou shalt clearly discover all truths in God, that crystal ocean of truth, when all vanity shall be purged out of thy thoughts, and they be everlastingly, ravishingly and delightfully entertained and exercised upon that supreme goodness, and infinite excellency of God, from whom they shall never start any more, like a broken bow. And, as for thy pride, passion, earthliness, and all

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and other religious exercises, the subject of these memoirs seldom had any wandering

the other matters of thy complaint and trouble, it shall be said of them, as of the Egyptians to Israel, "Stand still, and see the Salvation of God." These corruptions thou seest to day; henceforth, thou shalt see them no more for ever; when thou shalt lay down thy weapons of prayers, tears, and groans; and put on the armour of light, not to fight, but to triumph in.

Lord, when shall this blessed day come? how long, how long, holy and true? My soul waiteth for thee; come my beloved, come, O come quickly, and deliver me from this body of sin and death.

Rules to keep the heart from distractions by vain thoughts in times of duty.

Help 1st. Sequester yourselves from all earthly employments, and set apart some time for solemn preparation to meet God in duty. Oh my soul, leave trifling; now be composed, watchful, and serious; this is no common work; it is God work, soul work, eternity work. Pause a while upon thy sins, wants, and troubles; keep thy thoughts a while in these, before thou address thyself to God.

2d. Having composed thy heart by previous meditation, presently set a guard upon thy senses.

3d. Beg of God, a mortified fancy; when thy fancy is more mortified, thy thoughts will be more orderly and fixed.

4th. If thou wouldst keep thy heart from these vain excursions, realize to thyself by faith, the holy and awful presence of God, in duties.

5th. Maintain a praying frame of heart in the intervals of duty.

6th. Endeavour to engage, and raise thy affections to God, in duty, if thou wouldst have thy distractions cured.

7th. Mourn over the matter to God, and call in assistance from heaven, where vain thoughts assault thy heart in duty.

8th. Look upon the success, and sweetness of thy duties, as very much depending upon the keeping of thy heart closely with God in them.

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thoughts. What was begun with a view to religious improvement, extended to other

9th. Look upon it as a great discovery of the sincerity, or hypocrisy of your hearts, according as you find them careful or careless, in this matter.

10th. It will be of special use to keep thy heart with God, in duties to consider what influence all thy duties have on thine eternity.

To this is subjoined the following impressive prayer, and act of contrition.

"28th. August. 1795. And now having lately read this little book of Mr. Flavel's, on Keeping the Heart, with great attention; and endeavoured to fix in my memory the above rules; may God enable me to profit by them, to labour to keep my heart with all diligence, that so I may have an evidence to my own mind, that I am in earnest about religion; and that whenever my Lord shall come, he may find me thus watching, and thus praying; Lord I am weak, I am vile, I am a poor backsliding creature, often wandering, turning back to folly and relapsing into sins, over which I hoped I had gained some power. Oh hold thou me up; watch for me, and so shall I be safe. Oh keep me from sin, or remove me from the land of sinning. Oh thou, who searchest the heart, and triest the reins, thou knowest that sin is my greatest burden; and yet alas, too often I fall into it; so that sometimes, I am ready to despair, and my soul is filled with the anguish of remorse and repentance; and yet I am not cured. Oh sweet Jesus help. Oh friend of sinners, save. I know that it is an evil, and a bitter thing to depart from God; and yet I am bent to backsliding; none can help but thou, Oh Christ; trembling I come to thee, whom I have so often offended; yet to whom should I go, but to thee, who alone hast pardon and eternal life for such a wretch, such a rebel, such a daily, hourly, offender as I am.

"Lord, my hands hang down from faintness in the way of duty, and my feet go lamely in the path of holiness Oh let thy grace deliver me from every weight, especially from my most easily besetting sin; that so neither any hidden iniquity nor presumptuous transgression may ever have dominion over me."

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matters. From habit she acquired such complete command over her thoughts, that she could fix them by an act of her will on science or business as well as on religion, so as to confine them to their proper object for the time without interruption.

In discharging relative duties, Mrs. Ramsay was exemplary. As a child, she had a high opinion of parental authority; and to it she conceived herself as owing implicit obedience in every case not plainly inconsistent with the duty due to her God. It was therefore a standing order to her servants, without a moment's delay, and without announcing the circumstance, to call her, not only from business, but from her most private retirement whensoever her father called for her services. She had no scruple of doing that for him on Sundays, about which she had scruples of doing for herself. She reasoned thus; "Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing to the Lord," Col. iii. 20. is a divine command. The same authority which enacted the fourth commandment also enacted the fifth, and the minor duty should yield to the major. Never was there a daughter more devoted, attached, and obedient to her parent than she was; and her conduct flowed, not from instinct, accident, or example, but from principle. In the same manner she

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had determined what were her conjugal duties. She was well acquainted with the plausible reasonings of modern theorists, who contend for the equality of the sexes; and few females could support their claims to that equality on better grounds than she might advance; but she yielded all pretensions on this score, in conformity to the positive declarations of holy writ, of which the following were full to the point, and in her opinion outweighed whole volumes of human reasoning. "In sorrow, thou shalt bring forth children, and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." Gen. iii. 16. "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church; and he is the Saviour of the body. Therefore, as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in every thing." Eph. v. 22, 23, 24. In practice, as well as theory, she acknowledged the dependent, subordinate condition of her sex; and considered it as a part of the curse denounced on Eve, as being "the first in the transgression." 1 Tim. ii. 13, 14. The most self denying duties of the conjugal relations being thus established on a divine foundation, and illustrated by those peculiar doctrines of revelation on which she hung all

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her hopes, the other duties followed by an easy train of reasoning, and were affectionately performed. In this manner, the subject of these memoirs used her bible as a system of practical ethics, from which she acquired a knowledge of her true station, and also deduced such excellent rules of conduct in life, as might be expected from correct principles.* As a parent who had

* To illustrate this, in detail, might excite a smile. Suffice it therefore to observe in general, that these reasonings, from scripture, on the condition and duties of wives were not imposed or even suggested to the subject of these memoirs. They were entirely her own; and had such a practical influence on her opinions, that she received the attentions of her husband as favours, and was in the habit of subscribing herself in letters to him his "obliged and grateful wife." These seed ideas expanded into principles of action, which led her to make all her conduct subservient to her husband's happiness. To this end she gave up every separate scheme, and identified her views and pursuits with his, and arranged all her domestic concerns, so as most effectually to promote his comfort, anticipated his wishes, alleviated his cares, charged herself with the education of her children, the management of her servants and family affairs, so as to leave for him little else to do than to follow the bent of his own inclinations, with as complete exemption from the burden of domestic cares as was possible; and in addition assisted him, as far as was in her power, in his professional labours and studies. Like her father, who seldom slept more than four hours in the twenty-four, she slept very little, and that so lightly that the smallest noise awaked her. She was therefore, the first to receive professional messages in the hours allotted to repose. After getting the necessary information, she so arranged matters that these unseasonable calls were attended with the least possible inconvenience to her husband. In copying for him, and tracing, through a variety of authors,

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brought children into a world of sin and misery, without their consent, she considered herself as bound, in common justice, to do every thing in her power for their comfort in passing through it. She thought no pains too great, no sacrifices too hard, provided her children were advanced by them. In addition to her steady attention to their education, she exerted herself to keep them constantly in good humour; gave them every indulgence compatible with their best interests; partook with them in their sports; and in various ways amused their solitary hours so as often to drop the mother in the companion and friend; took a lively interest in all their concerns, and made every practicable exertion for their benefit. From the bible she was taught. "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged." Col. iii. 21. On this text she often commented verbally, and every day practically. From it she drew several rules of conduct in her behaviour toward her children. As a child, she was for implicit obedience, but as a mother was very moderate in urging her parental rights, and avoided,

any subject on which he occasionally asked her aid she shortened his literary labours. Such were the principles and conduct of a wife who had read Mary Woolstoncraft's Rights of Women, but studied her bible with care and attention, as the standard of faith and practice.

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as far as consistent with a strict education, every thing which might "provoke her children to anger." Under this general head she considered as forbidden, unnecessary severity, sarcasms and all taunting, harsh, unkind language; overbearing conduct, high toned claims of superiority; capricious or whimsical exertions of authority, and several other particulars, calculated to irritate children or fill them with terror. On the other hand, she considered parents as required by this precept to curb their own tempers; to bridle their passions; to make proper allowances for indiscretions and follies of youth; and to behave toward their offsprings in the most conciliatory manner, so as to secure their love and affections on the score of gratitude. These and several other rules of conduct in the discharge of relative duties were not taken up at random, but derived from reason and reflection, and especially from an attentive consideration of the preceptive part of the word of God. Happy would it be for society if all its members used their bibles for similar purposes.

The reader will by this time expect to be informed that a person so industrious in business, with such moderate views of worldly enjoyment, and so devoted to God and active in his service, would be crowned with a large proportion of temporal blessings. But this

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was not always the case. With her, prosperity and adversity alternated. Good and evil followed each other in succession. For several of the last years of her life, in addition to long continued and frequent attacks of painful disease, sufficient to have laid by a less active person, she had to struggle with restricted circumstances. From several unpropitious events, perplexing embarrassments resulted.* From whatever source

* Nearly the whole of Mrs. Ramsay's paternal estate consisted of unproductive Georgia lands, which, from the unsettled state of our foreign relations for the last fifteen years of her life would either not sell, or if previously sold, were not paid for. The most valuable part of it, for the eighteen years it was in her possession, produced nothing but annual taxes. The bulk of the residue, though sold in the year 1793, has realized so little, that the sum originally due thereon, 21,428 dollars, instead of being lessened by payments, had in the course of the last thirteen years of her married life, increased, by the accumulation of interest, to upward of 30,000 dollars, of which neither principal nor interest could be commanded. The hurricane of 1804 frustrated a verbal contract for the sale of another portion of her paternal Georgia lands, for five thousand pounds sterling, which still remains unsold and unproductive. Two houses, which descended to her from her uncle, James Laurens, were burnt in the great fire of 1796. The hurricane of 1804 also frustrated a verbal contract for the sale of some of her husband's lands for 24,000 dollars, which still remains unproductive; and in addition 25,000 dollars paid by him between the years 1792 and 1797 toward completing the Santee canal, have hitherto produced no income to him or any one else, but one and a half per cent. on the capital, and that only for two years of the eighteen which have elapsed since his first advances were made toward this publicly beneficial, but hitherto privately ruinous project.

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they originated, the subject of these memoirs had no agency in producing them, nor any ground for self reproach as being in any way accessory to them. The battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift; nor is success in the pursuits of life invariably the effect of industry, economy, and moderation in expenses. Respecting these things there is an overruling Providence. The continuance or the interruption of health, the power to get or retain wealth come from God. The subject of these memoirs was neither the first nor the last of the favourites of Christ whom he has led to heaven otherwise than by a path strewn with flowers. God does not always suffer his children to pass through life without afflictions and sorrows, lest they should forget that this is not their abiding city; lest their desires after the heavenly inheritance should be cooled or extinguished. These apparent evils have a certain, though to us a secret connection with our future and most important destinies. They are necessary links in the chain conducting from earth to heaven, and make us quit our eager grasp of the one, and fix our affections on the other. The storms of adversity, in this life, will make us enjoy, with a higher relish, the unclouded serenity of that which is to come. In her case, the result, though painful to her feel-

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ings, was highly favourable to her improvement in the christian virtues of patience and resignation. No doubt exists of her now wearing a brighter crown, and enjoying a greater harvest of happiness, as a reward for having borne her reverses of fortune, and also long continued painful diseases, not only without murmuring, but with cheerfulness. In sickness and adversity, she was the same self possessed, unrepining, submissive, satisfied christian she had been in the days of her health and prosperity, and was discontented with nothing but her heart. Her maxim was not to complain of God, but to God. To him she went with all her burdens and cares, and sweetly reposed on his Almighty arm. Her unabated confidence in her Maker; her unconditional submission and cheerful resignation to his will, took away from adversity its gloom, and threw over it a cheerful light. The workings of her mind, under these pressures, as recorded in her manuscripts, prove her high attainments in the christian life, and were probably one cause of them. In all her distresses, the burden of sin lay heavier on her mind than the burden of outward troubles. She was much more reconciled to death as closing the scene of her sinning, than that of her suffering. She found great satisfaction in reading Drelincourt on Death, and

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Watts's World to Come. Shortly before her last sickness, she brought to her husband and requested him to read a speech delivered a hundred years ago at the grave of a pious person by the Rev. Mr. Peter Sterry, which is preserved in the 352d page of Watts's World to Come. In it she had underscored the following sentiments as expressive of her feelings, with respect to the contemplated approaching commitment of her body to the grave, and its consequent dissolution therein. "We do for ourselves and for this our dearly beloved in the Lord accept of thee, O grave, and readily deliver up her body to thee. It is a body that hath been weakened and wearied with long affliction and anguish; we freely give it unto thee; receive it, and let it have in thee a quiet rest from all its labours; for thus we read it written of thee, 'There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.'

"But we know thee, O grave, to be also a devourer, and yet we can freely deliver up the body unto thee. There was in it a contracted corruptibility, dishonour and weakness; take them as thy proper prey; they belong to thee, and we would not withhold them from thee. Freely swallow them up for ever, that they may appear no more.

"Yet know, O grave, that there is in the body, considered as once united to such a

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soul, a divine relation to the Lord of life, and this thou must not, thou canst not dissolve nor destroy. But know, and even before thee, and over thee be it spoken, that there is a season hastening wherein we shall expect it again from thee in incorruption, honour, and power.

"We now sow it unto thee in dishonour; but expect it again returned from thee in glory. We now sow it unto thee in weakness; we expect it again in power. We now sow it unto thee a natural body; we look for it again from thee a spiritual body."

The life of Miss Carter was one of the last books Mrs. Ramsay read; and she indulged the pleasing anticipation of speedily forming an acquaintance with a woman of her fervent piety and great attainments. But of all the inhabitants of heaven, she longed most for the acquaintance of Dr. Watts, whose divine songs, most of which she had committed to memory, had administered much to her comfort by night and by day.

From the first moment of her last sickness she had a presentiment that she would not survive it. This gave her no alarm. She made preparations for, and arranged the circumstances of her funeral, with the same calmness and self possession she would have done in the days of her best health, when preparing for a journey or voyage. She

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directed that her funeral should be private; her coffin plain and without a plate; that Dr. Hollinshead should perform his ministerial duties on the occasion in her own house, before a few of her most particular friends. Her coffin was accordingly made of Carolina cedar. After she had given these directions, her disease seemed to yield; but she insisted that her feelings convinced her to the contrary. She suffered grievous pains in sundry periods of her last illness. To assist her in supporting under them she deliberately surveyed her manifold sins as the procuring cause of all pain, and also took a distinct view of the sufferings of Christ, and then asked herself, shall not I who have so grievously sinned, quietly submit to pain, which I deserve, since the innocent Jesus suffered so much for me? On the last day but one of her life she lay for some considerable time in a warm bath. While there, she directed the following hymn from a collection of hymns presented to her by the countess of Huntingdon, to be read to her.

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus dwells above.

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Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands
And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw the bliss
Immediately from Thee.

She repeated the two last lines of every verse, with eyes directed to heaven, as expressive of their coincidence with her views. She had frequently, in the course of her sickness, given animated exhortations to her children and others to make choice of God for their portion, and also particular directions how to manage the family after she was gone. About four o'clock, P. M. June 10th. 1811,

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she asked her husband and children if they were willing to give her up. They evaded the question; but she in direct terms informed them that she had sometimes felt a repugnance to death on their accounts, but assured them that God had now made her entirely willing to give them all up; and in about an hour after expired,

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APPENDIX, N°. I.

LETTERS FROM HENRY LAURENS TO MARTHA LAURENS.

Philadelphia, August 18, 1771.

My dearest Patsy, remember my precepts, be dutiful, kind, and good to your aunt; learn to prevent all her wishes and commands; you can do so if you please. God has blessed you with sufficient abilities. Let all your reading, your study, and your practice tend to make you a wise and a virtuous woman, rather than a fine lady; the former character always comprehends the latter; but the modern fine lady, according to common acceptation, is too often found to be deficient both in wisdom and virtue. Strive then, my dearest girl, to be virtuous, dutiful, affable, courteous, modest; and be assured that you will become a fine lady. Set God before your eyes, my dear child; pray to him; place your whole confidence in him; and strive to do his will; so shall you never be dismayed.

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FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Westminster, May 18, 1774.

MY DEAR PATSY,

I HAVE recollected your request for a pair of globes; therefore, I have wrote to Mr. Grubb to ship a pair of the best eighteen inch, with caps and a book of directions, and to add a case of neat instruments, and one dozen Middleton's best pencils, marked M. L. directed to your uncle, who will deliver them to you. When you are measuring the surface of this world, remember you are to act a part on it, and think of a plumb pudding * and other domestic duties.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Charleston, S.C. Feb. 29, 1776.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

WHEN I look around me, and behold increasing preparations for civil war; every man

* The pleasantry about the plumb pudding, had its effect. Miss Laurens made a pudding before she began to make use of her globes, and profited by the hint, that the knowledge of house wifery was as much a part of female education, as a knowledge of geography.

EDITOR.

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seeming bent and determined to carry those preparations into execution to the last extremity; when, therefore, I consider our estates in this country as being on the very precipice of bankruptcy, how can I forbear lamenting, what will become of my dear sister, what will became of my dear Patsy and Polly, in case of my brother's death. Not only tears, but irresistible groans accompany this afflicting inquiry; after a moment's pain, I console myself by this reply; "God will take care of them, that God who led your ancestors through a cruel persecution, and through a wilderness a hundred years ago, and you through ten thousand dangers, will not forsake your sister nor your children. Your brother will do well, and be made the guardian of your fatherless children after you are slaughtered." My dear child, I could fill pages with accounts of causes for lamentation; but alas, what good fruit would such accounts produce; I will not grieve your young heart by a recital of afflictions which are the portion of age, and which I ought to bear alone. Nevertheless, it is my duty to warn you again, as I did in my last letter, to prepare yourself for a reverse of fortune, prepare for the trial of earning your daily bread by daily labour. This, whether it be matter of affliction, whether it be a subject for grief or not, will according to present ap-

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pearances by your portion. My love for you constrains me to give you timely notice. I have done so with an aching heart and overflowing eyes. Methinks I hear you reply, "but, my dear papa, why will you make a sacrifice of your fortune, and hazard the happiness of your children; labour day and night to earn poverty for yourself and them." I answer briefly, "It is the will of God that it should be so, and he gives me resolution to concur in and to submit to his will." Now act your part well my dear; love God, and all things will work together for your good. I would proceed, and advise you how to act, but you are in an excellent school. You learn your duty every day from sensible and pious friends. Follow their counsel and you will be happy.

What money I now have in England, is devoted to the service of your uncle, aunt, your brothers, yourself and sister I do not know that I shall ever be able to add one penny to that small stock. It will be wisdom, it will be piety and a proof of gratitude in your elder brother and you, to consume as little as possible, in order that there may be more for the service of your dear uncle and aunt, and for the little ones who cannot help themselves. It would please me, it would rejoice me, to hear that you had cheerfully entered upon your new scene of life; that you earn-

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ed as much every day by your needle, as would pay your daily expenses.

It is melancholy to see the abuse of many good houses in this town, which are now made barracks for the country militia, who strip the paper hangings, chop wood upon parlour floors, and do a thousand such improper acts; but alas, they are still good enough for burning. We are assured, that if the king's ships and troops cannot easily conquer the town, they will burn it; and we know if they do conquer it, there are men here determined to put the torch with their own hands, and to leave them no shelter, nor any cover for those who would join them.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Charleston, S.C. March 14, 1776.

MY DEAR CHILD,

THE men of war at Georgia, have swept Mr. Arthur Middleton's plantation upon Savannah river, of about sixty five negroes. Wright's Savannah is within three or four miles of it; probably some solitary escaping man may come within two or three days, to inform me of like mischiefs done there, and at Altamaha, by those Sabeans and Chalde-

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ans. Be it so, I will still say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Charleston, S.C. March 14, 1776.

MY DEAR CHILD,

THE sound of war increases, and the danger seems to be drawing nearer and nearer. It appears now beyond doubt, that administration are determined to try the issue of another year's persecution. We must expect a visit very soon. In these circumstances, every man here holds his life by the most precarious tenure; and our friends abroad should prepare themselves for learning that we are numbered among the dead.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Charleston, S.C. Aug. 17, 1776.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

YOUR brother will tell you a great deal of American news, and particularly of the escape we have had from enemies who talked of nothing less than eating us up. The conversation in the fleet was, that they would

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breakfast at Sullivan's Island; dine at Fort Johnson; and sup in Charleston. Charity, therefore, would incline us to admit that sir Peter's coming against us with so formidable a power, as two ships of fifty guns each; four of twenty-eight; one of twenty-six; one of twenty, and a bombketch, might have been from motives of mercy. It might have been thought that we should be frightened into submission, without spilling blood; but the battle is not always to the strong.

All the mischiefs which have happened, and all that shall still happen to the contending parties, are to be charged to wicked and foolish counsellors. I pray God to raise up wiser and better men, who may devise means for effecting a friendly intercourse between Great Britain and these now "United, free and independent states," and for promoting the mutual happiness of both parties. It is not impossible, but that the separation, lately announced, may produce great benefit to both. I am persuaded you will not give offence to any body, by interposing your opinions concerning these matters; to relate to you what has happened, cannot be amiss, which is all I mean. You will in silence submit the future progress and final determination to the wise order of that superintending Being, who holds the scales of justice in his hand; who never fails to help those who confide in him

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and do right; who hath set bounds to the bared arm of the mightiest monarch on earth, as he hath to the seemingly irresistible power of the ocean. "Hitherto shalt thou come, and here shall thy proud waves be staid." Your part will be to join with the sons and daughters of piety, and pray incessantly for peace. Peace to all the world, especially to the country in which you reside; and that to which you more particularly belong; and you will lament that it is your father's unhappy lot to be engaged in war, in civil war, God's severest scourge upon mankind.

I have no doubt, my dear daughter, but that you will take every advantage which the country you are in affords for the improvement of your mind, and your address. The latter is of more importance to a lady than is sometimes thought; to you in particular your friends should recommend it. God knows through what scenes you are to pass. If, instead of affluence, of which you had lately a prospect, and to which you have still a just claim, if servitude is to be your portion, qualify yourself for an upper place. Fear not servitude, encounter it if it shall be necessary, with a spirit becoming a woman of an honest and a pious heart; a woman who has not been affectedly nor fashionably religious. It is my duty, my dear, to repeat, it will be your wisdom to listen to this alarm. The

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events of war are uncertain, and there has been much talk of forfeited estates; poor deluded highlanders, who are now our prisoners, were inlisted under assurances of getting possession of our farms, plantations and town estates. Hessians and Hanoverians, and other foreign troops have been bought by similar promises, and no doubt some of them will fight strong for the spoil. Negro slaves and barbarous Indians have been taught to exclaim, "down with the Americans, and their estates will be free plunder." Thus cruelly beset, howbeit, my heart neither fails nor misgives me; I see it my duty to guard against every thing which may happen, and to sound repeated warnings to those who are dearer to me, and of more value to the world, than my life.

You will take care of my Polly too. I need not tell you to be dutiful to your uncle and aunt; to love and reverence them as tender parents. They may be reduced to very great straits. There my heart is most wrung; but I must forbear; the subject overpowers me; God in whom I trust, will protect you all. Adieu, my dear daughter, write as often as you can, and in some measure lessen the anxiety which arises from the uncertainty of your being restored to your faithful friend, your affectionate father,

HENRY LAURENS.

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APPENDIX, No. II.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.

Thursday Dec. 23, 177.

BEING THIS DAY FOURTEEN YEARS AND SEVEN WEEKS OLD.

I DO this day, after full consideration, and serious deliberation, and after earnest prayer for the assistance of Divine Grace, resolve to surrender and devote my youth, my strength, my soul, with all I have, and all I am, to the service of that great and good God, who has preserved and kept me all my life until now, and who in infinite compassion has given me to see the folly of my ways, and by faith to lay hold on a dear Redeemer, and obtain peace to my soul through his precious blood.

MARTHA LAURENS.

A SELF DEDICATION AND SOLEMN COVENANT WITH GOD.

ETERNAL and unchangeable Jehovah! Thou great Creator of Heaven and earth! And

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adorable Lord of angels and men, I desire, with the deepest humiliation and abasement of soul, to fall down at this time in thine awful presence, and earnestly pray, that thou wilt penetrate my very heart and soul with a suitable sense of thine unutterable and inconceivable glories! Trembling may justly lay hold upon me when I, a sinful worm, presume to lift up my head to thee, presume to appear in thy majestic presence, on such an occasion as this.

Who am I, Oh Lord God, or what is my house? What is my nature or descent, my character and desert, that I should speak of this, and desire that I may be one party in a covenant, where thou, the King of kings and Lord of lords, art the other. I blush and am confounded, even to mention it before thee. But, Oh Lord, great as is thy majesty, so also is thy mercy. If thou wilt hold converse with any of thy creatures, thy superlatively exalted nature, must stoop, must stoop infinitely low; and I know that in and through Jesus, the Son of thy love, thou condescendest to visit sinful mortals, and to allow their approach to thee, and their covenant intercourse with thee. Nay, I know that the scheme and plan is thine own, and that thou hast graciously sent to propose it to us; as none untaught by thee would have been able to form it, or inclined to embrace it even when

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actually proposed. To thee, therefore, do I now come, invited by the name of thy Son, and trusting in his righteousness and grace; laying myself at thy feet with shame and confusion of face, and smiting upon my breast, I say with the humble publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I acknowledge, Lord, I have been a great transgressor. My sins have reached unto Heaven, and mine iniquities are lifted up unto the skies. The irregular propensities of my corrupt and degenerate nature have, in ten thousand aggravated instances, wrought to bring forth fruit unto death. And if thou shouldest be strict to mark mine offences, I must be silent under a load of guilt, and immediately sink into destruction. But thou hast graciously called me to return unto thee, though I have been a wandering sheep, a prodigal daughter, a backsliding child. Behold, therefore, O Lord, I come unto thee. I come, convinced not only of my sin but of my folly. I come from my very heart ashamed of myself, and with sincerity and humility confess that I have erred exceedingly. I am confounded with the remembrance of these things; but be thou merciful to my unrighteousness, and do not remember against me my sins and my transgressions. Permit me, Oh Lord! to bring back unto thee those powers and faculties, which I have ungratefully and sacrilegiously alien-

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ated from thy service, and receive, I beseech thee, thy poor perverted creature, who is now convinced of the right thou hast to her, and desires nothing in the whole earth so much as to be truly thine! Blessed God! it is with the utmost solemnity that I make this surrender of myself to thee. Hear, Oh Heavens! and give ear, O earth! I avouch the Lord to be my God. I avouch and declare myself this day, to be one of his covenant people. Hear, Oh thou God of Heaven! and record it in the book of thy remembrance, that henceforth I am thine, entirely thine. I would not merely consecrate unto thee some of my powers, or some of my possessions, or give thee a certain proportion of my services, or all I am capable of for a limited time; but I would be wholly thine, and thine for ever. From this day do I solemnly renounce all the former lords which have had dominion over me; every sin and every lust, and bid in thy name an eternal defiance to the powers of Hell, which have most unjustly usurped the empire over my soul, and to all the corruptions which their fatal temptations have introduced into it. The whole frame of my nature, all the faculties of my mind, all the members of my body, would I present before thee this day, as a living sacrifice holy and acceptable unto God, which I know to be my most reasonable service. To thee I

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consecrate all my worldly possessions; in thy service I desire to spend all the remainder of my time upon earth, and beg thou wouldst instruct and influence me so that, whether my abode here be longer or shorter, every year and month, day and hour, may be used in such a manner as shall most effectually promote thine honour, and subserve the scheme of thy wise and gracious providence; and I earnestly pray that whatever influence thou givest me over others, in any of the superior relations of life in which I may stand, or in consequence of any peculiar regard which might be paid me, thou wouldst give me strength and courage to exert myself to the utmost for thy glory. Resolving, not only that I will do it myself, but that all others, so far as I can rationally and properly influence them, shall serve the Lord. In this course, Oh blessed God! would I steadily persevere to the very end of my life, earnestly praying, that every future day of it may supply the deficiencies and correct the irregularities of the former, and that I may, by divine grace, be enabled, not only to hold on in that happy way, but daily to grow more active in it.

Nor do I only consecrate all that I am and have to thy service, but I also most humbly resign and submit to thy heavenly will, myself and all that I can call mine. I leave, Oh

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Lord, to thy management and direction all I possess and all I wish; and set every enjoyment and every interest before thee, to be disposed of, as thou pleasest. Continue, or remove what thou hast given me; bestow or refuse, what I imagine I want, as thou, Lord shalt see good; and though I dare not say I will never repine, yet I hope I may venture to say, that I will labour not only to submit but to acquiesce; not only to bear what thou doest in thy most afflictive dispensations; but to consent to it, and to praise thee for it, contentedly resolving, in all that thou appointest, my will into thine, and looking on myself as nothing, and on thee, Oh God! as the great eternal all, whose word ought to determine every thing, and whose government ought to be the joy of the whole rational creation.

Use me, Oh Lord, I beseech thee, as the instrument of thy glory, and honour me so far, as either by doing or suffering what thou shalt appoint, to bring some revenue of praise to thee, and of benefit to the world in which I dwell; and may it please thee, Oh my Creator! from this day forward, to number me among thy peculiar people, that I may no more be a stranger and foreigner, but a fellow citizen with the saints, and of the household of God. Receive, Oh heavenly Father! thy returning prodigal. Wash me in thy blood of thy dear Son; clothe me with his perfect

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righteousness, and sanctify me throughout by the power of thy Spirit! Destroy, I beseech thee, more and more the power of sin in my heart! Transform me more into thine own image, and fashion me to the resemblance of Jesus, whom henceforward I would acknowledge as my teacher, and my sacrifice, my intercessor, and my Lord! Communicate to me, I beseech thee, all needful influences of thy purifying, thy cheering, and thy comforting spirit; and lift up the light of thy countenance upon me, which will put the sublimest joy and gladness into my soul.

Dispose my affairs, Oh God! in a manner which may be most subservient to thy glory and my own truest happiness; and when I have done and borne thy will upon earth, call me from hence at what time, and in what manner thou pleasest; only grant that in my dying moments, and the near view of eternity, I may remember these my engagements to thee, and may employ my latest breath to thy service; and do thou, Oh Lord, when thou seest the agonies of dissolving nature upon me, remember this covenant too, even though I should then be incapable of recollecting it. Look down, Oh my heavenly Father, with a pitying eye upon thy languishing, dying child; place thine everlasting arms underneath me for my support; put strength and confidence into my departing spirit, and

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receive it to the embraces of thy everlasting love! Welcome it to the abodes of them that sleep in Jesus; to wait with them that glorious day, when the last of thy promises to thy covenant people shall be fulfilled in their triumphant resurrection and that abundant entrance, which shall be administered to them into that everlasting kingdom, of which thou hast assured them in thy covenant, and in the hope of which, I now lay hold of it, desiring to live and to die as with my hand on that hope!

And when I am thus numbered among the dead, and all the interests of mortality are over with me for ever, if this solemn memorial should chance to fall into the hands of any surviving friends, may it be the means of making serious impressions on their mind. May they read it not only as my language, but as their own; and learn to fear the Lord my God, and with me to put their trust under the shadow of his wings for time and for eternity; and may they also learn to adore with me that grace which inclines our heart to enter into the covenant, and condescends to admit us into it, when so inclined; ascribing with me and with all the children of God, to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, that glory, honour and praise, which is so justly due to each divine person for the part he bears in this illustrious work....AMEN.

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Lord I am thine, for ever thine,
My soul doth cleave to thee;
My dearest, Lord be ever mine,
I'll have no love but thee.

Henceforth I am not mine but God's for ever.

MARTHA LAURENS.

I had fallen, shamefully fallen, and broken the solemn covenant engagements in so dreadful a manner, that none but he who is holy and true, who hath the key of all hearts, who openeth and no man shutteth, could ever have restored me, but through the unbounded and astonishing measures of his grace; I was awakened to a sense of my vileness and ingratitude; made to feel more bitter pangs than ever; and after much struggling and many entreaties from my compassionate Redeemer. I renewed my violated vows in the most solemn manner, not only privately, but publicly, by giving up myself to him in the ordinance of the Holy Supper, before near three hundred persons at St. Werbrough's, December 25, 1775.

Solemnly again, April 7, 1776, and more solemnly and with more affecting circumstances than ever, May 26, 1776.

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APPENDIX N°. III.

Bristol, June, 1776.

A SUPPLICATION FOR A BELOVED RELATIVE.

My heart has been rather bowed down to day, and through the prevalence of unbelief, I have a hard struggle to keep from sinking. My dear aunt's extreme weakness makes me truly apprehensive on her account; and O, my stubborn will, it can hardly bear the thoughts of letting her outstrip me and get to Heaven first! O, if it should please the Lord to remove her hence, what a severe stroke will it be to my loving heart; may he give me grace, if such is his good pleasure, to lie down, in humble submission at his feet; but, O my God! if I may plead with thee, and if the earnest wish of my soul is not contradictory to thy all wise and gracious providence, which I would not for ten thousand worlds desire to subvert, spare, O spare her; direct the physicians, herself, and attendants, and in mercy hear the supplications of her friends, of me, thine unworthy,

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supplicant. Bless the waters, the change of air, or whatever she shall be ordered; without thy blessing, nothing will avail; therefore by humble and diligent prayer would I seek it, in the name and for the merits of my dear Redeemer. In thy hands are the issues of life and death; thou canst bring back again from the gates of the grave, canst say to the violence of disease, hitherto shalt thou go and no further; and with one powerful word, canst recruit exhausted nature, and give new strength and vigour. I well know that thou art able, and as fully am I convinced that thou art willing to grant this petition, if it will be for the good of thine handmaid, and of us her affectionate friends; therefore, with the most steady faith, I desire to pray, and without wavering to come unto the throne of grace; if thou doest for me this thing, I will adore and praise thy love for ever, and for ever; if not in the deepest affliction, will I sing unto thee, and amidst surrounding distress will proclaim thy goodness. O my Lord, be thou with my dear friend; place thine everlasting arms beneath her; give her strength and confidence in thee under all her trials; manifest thy presence unto her in so sweet and delightful a manner, that she may forget all her pains, and lose all her sorrows in the enjoyment of thy love; revive her drooping spirits with the cordials of thy

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grace; wean her more than ever from the world, and engage to thee the chief and choicest of her affections. Teach me, I pray thee, the way in which I ought to go; direct me to every tender, kind, and christian action, and assist me now to shew my gratitude for her unparalleled goodness to me for so many years, by doing every thing in my power to serve and comfort her. Bless also my beloved uncle; sustain his mind in every time of trouble, and let not the sight of his dear sickly wife, prejudice his own health and increase his disorder; but let all his care be cast on thee.

A RELIGIOUS EXERCISE AT HOME, WHEN PROVIDENTIALLY DISAPPOINTED OF AN OPPORTUNITY FOR PUBLIC COMMUNION.

In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; O Lord, I am thine by every tie of nature and of grace; thine by a daily surrender; and I desire at this time particularly to acknowledge and rejoice in my dependence on thee; I have tasted such an abundance of comfort in thy paths, and have found them so peaceful and so pleasant, that it does not appear to me, that any thing in the world could tempt me to leave them; but instead of being high minded, O my God!

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I would fear and watch over myself with a godly jealousy, lest through the abundance of that consolation which thou hast vouchsafed me, I should be filled with vain confidence, slide into carnal security, and feel sooner than I am aware of, a declension from the ways of grace. Behold, therefore, O Lord! I come as a beginner in religion, a babe in Christ, humbly beseeching thee to forgive all my sins; to pour into my heart the gift of the Holy Ghost; and to enable me to abide steadfast in my calling, till thou shalt deliver me from all danger, and fix me as an *immoveable pillar* in thy eternal kingdom. Bind me to thyself more strongly, Lord, than ever; ratify my vows in Heaven, and seal my pardon there; this day, I hoped to have publicly commemorated thy love, O sweetest Jesus! and professed myself the disciple of thy cross; but since thy providence hath otherwise ordained, condescend to accept from this, my retired chamber, the utmost desire of my heart to praise thee, and devote itself for ever to thy will. Satisfy the longings of my soul with that bread of God which is the life of all who eat it, and let there be such a spiritual participation of thy blessed body and blood, that I may dwell in thee, and thou in me, and that having life, I may have it more abundantly.

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Show me that thou art an all powerful God, and that where thou art pleased savingly to manifest thyself, there is Heaven, there is a Temple, there an Altar, there divine communion, and while thy servant in a humble dependence on thy promises, with a bended knee and with a contrite heart waits upon thee, reveal thy mercy and thy loving kindness, and overflow her soul with the cleansing and reviving streams of thy redeeming grace. Say unto me "*I am thy Salvation.*" Drive doubt and unbelief away, and banish all my fear; make me to know that *I am thine*, and that nothing shall ever separate me from thy love; divert me from thy service; or finally prevent my admission into the realms of unchangeable felicity.

MARTHA LAURENS.

Teignmouth, July 6, 1777.

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APPENDIX, N°. IV.

DEVOUT MEDITATIONS.*

I.

SELF ABASEMENT, WITH RESOLUTIONS TO WALK MORE WORTHILY.

WHAT a poor, lukewarm, unprofitable, unworthy disciple am I!

How cold and deficient my duty toward God. How mingled with sin my charity toward men. Well may I cry out for quickning grace and plead for sanctification. When shall my light shine before men, and the Gospel be glorified by my conduct. Oh how unlike I am the blessed Jesus, my Redeemer and my pattern. His blessed feet were continually carrying him about to do good, but alas, mine are prone to wander in the ways of folly. I am all self abasement, and can hardly bear the review of my most exempla-

* Written in England by Miss Laurens between the sixteenth and nineteenth year of her age, but not particularly dated. The breaks or divisions with their numbers and heads or titles, and the general title are added by the Editor.

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ry days. My past life has been one continued course of impiety, and my most holy things have been unrighteous. What shall I say, then, or whither shall I flee for mercy, but to the great atonement; to the blood of the Redeemer, by which alone I can obtain forgiveness for the iniquities which I have committed in thought, word, and deed.

O that from this time forward I may be more zealous in the service of my God, and walk more worthy the vocation wherewith I am called; adorning the doctrines of God, my Saviour, in all things, and having my outward behaviour strongly expressive of the inward state of my mind; not making the customs and manners of a corrupt and sinful world the rule by which I walk; but trying myself by the New Testament, the words of Jesus, and the divinely inspired Apostles; and living with a constant regard to death and judgment. How short is time! How long is eternity! yet, alas, how is my mind occupied by the things of time, how careless of the things of eternity. Now, dear Jesus, show thyself with power, and work a great deliverance for me, that in thee, I may become strong, and have fortitude to walk contrary to the way of the world; to take up my cross and follow thee. AMEN.

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II.

A DAY WELL SPENT.

Blessed be God for this day's entertainment. How sweet is the society of lively christians, when we meet together and spend the hours, not in idle chit chat about dress or weather or such unprofitable themes, but in mutual exhortation and encouragement. How comfortably have I passed this day. In the morning I was at the sanctuary, heard the word of salvation, and sat with pleasure under the teaching of the Gospel. When I returned, met with dear fellow members, and adored together the name of Jesus our Lord. In the afternoon I visited serious friends, and entered on the delightful subject, talked of redeeming love and christian meekness; and again this evening met with acquaintance of the same mind, and renewed the delightful converse, and now at night I have been blessed in my retirement, and had great enlargement in prayer both alone and with my servant. I cannot close a day so distinguished for spiritual mercies, without holy elevation, without a song of praise, nor sleep till I have rendered thanks. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and let all that is within me praise his holy name. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. I will praise the Lord while I live; yea, while I have any be-

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ing, I will sing praises to my God. My heart is fixed, O God! my heart is fixed, and through time and eternity I shall be thus employed; singing songs of everlasting triumph and loud hallelujahs to the slain Lamb, the purchaser of all our hopes, and ground of our rejoicing.

III.

PREPARATION FOR AN HOUR OF TRIAL.

I AM now going into gay, worldly, and, I even fear, that I shall meet with profane company. O that through grace I may have courage to show a becoming spirit, and remembering the honourable name which I bear, may I not be ashamed to act as a christian, and to let religion tincture every word and action. O heavenly Father! now shed abroad in my heart thy Holy Spirit, and let nothing but holiness proceed out of my mouth. Enable me so to demean myself, that *all* may take knowledge of me that I have been with Jesus. Let the law of kindness dwell upon my tongue; and teach me to discountenance sin in the very spirit of humility. Show me the effectual moments, the proper opportunities for speaking in defence of the Gospel, for glorifying the name of Jesus, and give me a heart to embrace them. Let not the fear of

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singularity make me a babbler; but if I can bear no innocent and useful part in conversation, keep me silent. Let the remembrance of my solemn vows be ever before me, and enable me, this day, to stand fast in the covenant of Christ, joyfully confessing him before men. Hear me, O God! for thy mercy's sake, and have pity on a poor frail creature.

IV.

AN ACT OF CONTRITION WITH HOPES OF RESTORATION TO DIVINE FAVOUR.

I HAD fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord. My feet had well nigh, slipt and I was bowed down with sorrow. Satan has distressed me with his vile suggestions. Doubts and fears have perplexed me, and I have been sore oppressed by my corruptions; yet blessed be my compassionate high priest, my merciful Saviour, who hears me from the very depths of wo, and though I am now in darkness, gives me hope that I shall still see him; that his mercy is not clean gone for ever; but that I shall yet rejoice in the Lord, and go forth with strength, conquering and to conquer. I now sigh and mourn before him, because of my transgressions, which have separated between me and

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my God. I cry out with earnestness, How long, O Lord, how long. When shall I see thee as I have seen thee in the sanctuary. When shall my prayer be heard, and I be permitted again to attend thee in the sanctuary. When wilt thou visit me with the gracious visits of thy love. When shall I enjoy thy glories, thy gracious, thy refreshing, comforting presence, as I have heretofore done when the candle of the Lord shone bright upon me, and when I lived as it were at the very gate of Heaven; yea, even in the bosom of my Jesus, which is the very heaven of heavens; where bliss unspeakable abounds. I cannot forget these times, these seasons of inexpressible rejoicing; and as the thirsty hart panteth for the reviving stream, so panteth my soul after thee, even after thee, the living God, who alone can give me comfort, and send me relief in this day of trial. Surely it is sin which has drawn this dreadful veil over my heart; shut out the cheering rays of his countenance; grieved the Holy Spirit, and made my beloved to depart from me, and leave me thus comfortless. His love is still the same; but I have changed; I have grown lukewarm and careless; I have backslidden, and wandered in the ways of folly; I have been idle, and have not improved the means of grace. I have been self indulgent, and allowed the flesh too much of its own way.

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I have not been so watchful as I ought. With shame and confusion of face do I reflect on and confess these things; and with the deepest self abasement cast myself at the foot of the cross. I lay myself under the droppings of the blood of Jesus, and hardly daring to look up, I cry, Lord be merciful to me a sinner, a grievous sinner; my crimes are of the deepest dye, and my sins of more than scarlet hue; I am the most ungrateful creature in the whole house; yet may I not hope for mercy, and still plead the merits of that Saviour I have so basely injured. I can offer no argument but the greatness of my sin and the extent of his love; I know that to be amazing and unbounded, and, therefore, I will not despair; but humbly trust that there is forgiveness with him, and that I shall be again admitted into communion with my dear Lord, and tied so fast to him as to have no power to depart.

V.

PREPARATION FOR SELF EXAMINATION.

I DESIRE now to try myself; to search my spirit; and, therefore, I devote this week, through God's grace, to extraordinary retire-

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ment, prayer, fasting, and meditation; if so be that the Lord will be gracious, and assist me in my self examination and devotion, and revisit me with his free salvation. Without Christ I can do nothing; I therefore cast myself at his feet, and beg him to strengthen and direct, and so to lead me through the rugged road of life, that I may at length obtain the full fruition of immortal bliss, and be made partaker of never ending glory; though now I have my gloomy fears, and pass through dangerous deeps, and dismal snares.

VI.

SENSATIONS OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF A PICTURE OF THE SAVIOUR TAKEN FROM THE CROSS.

I HAVE seen a picture today which made an amazing impression on my mind; the Saviour taken from the cross. With my bodily eyes, I looked on the print; with the eye of faith, I viewed his body mangled, rent, and covered with a gore of blood for me; the flinty rock was broken; my hard heart was melted, and tears of penitence and love were ready to flow. My thoughts were solemnized by the sight; and I hope that, upon the whole, it has not been an unprofitable circumstance,

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Various are the ways of grace by which the Saviour touches the heart; and in his hands, and with his blessing, the weakest means, produce astonishing good. I wish to have my mind in such a state as to regard every occurrence in a christian view, and to let nothing pass without some holy reflection, some pious meditation. May the dear Jesus guide me in the great work I have undertaken, and bless to my poor soul every thing that I either see or hear, or think of for his mercy's sake.

VII.

LONGING FOR DEATH.

O DEATH, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? To me thou hast none. I often look forward with impatience to the hour when thou shalt set me free, and long to be touched by thy cold hand; 'tis but a little while since, and I could not bear the thought of eternity. Now the time seems tedious that I am detained a prisoner here; sick of the world, and all its unsatisfactory enjoyments, I often cry to my beloved in the longing of desire, Come quickly, come quickly, for I long to be with thee. How slow the

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minutes roll; how leisurely the hours move, which keep me from my God. "I long for evening to undress." I long, earnestly long for the day of my dissolution, which will deliver my imprisoned soul from its confinement, and leave it free from every clog of flesh and sense. Each change in my spiritual life increases this ardent longing. Is the sky clear, and does the sun shine bright? have I sweet communion with the Saviour, and ravishing foretastes of the unutterable, inconceivable bliss, purchased for me by his blood and merits? How do I languish for the full fruition of those immortal joys, which are now bestowed by measure, and pant to behold him face to face, whom now I see but darkly, even in my most exalted moments.

Am I drooping under desertion, venting my complaints, because of the absence of him whom my soul loveth. Oh then, indeed, I long for that blessed time, when sin shall have lost its power, and no more separate between the Saviour and my soul; when I shall no more grieve the Spirit, and provoke him to depart; but shall have done with doubts and fears, with sins and sorrows, and shall be put into the full possession of heaven and happiness. I shall be victorious over hell and the grave. Having these comfortable assurances that I shall be happy, and

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finding all things below but bubbles, toys, and trifles, I have grown tired of this world, and long to be in a better, even the world above, where my forerunner reigns, and where I hope ere long to reign with him in glory.

Haste, Lord, and bring me to the day,
When I shall dwell at home;
Come, O Redeemer, come away,
O Jesus, quickly come.

VIII.

THE PLEASURES OF COMMUNION WITH GOD; HUMILIATION FOR UNWORTHINESS OF SUCH A PRIVILEGE; RESOLUTIONS TO SEEK AFTER ITS CONTINUANCE.

SWEET are the moments spent at the foot of the cross, while there I sit, and sing, and mourn, and love.

I would not exchange one such hour, for ten thousand years of worldly enjoyment. The utmost heights of earthly pomp; the honours of royalty; the treasures of both the Indies; the adulation of the multitude; nor health, nor friends, nor any thing of terrestrial bliss, though it were to last for ever, could make me happy in the absence of my God, or recompense me for the loss of his favour. But, with the light of his counte-

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nance, and the comforts of his Spirit, having no where to lay my head, sick and forlorn, mean and despised, persecuted and defamed, I could rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. What nonsense would this seem to a man of the world; but the believing soul well knows what I say. Those who have once tasted that the Lord is gracious, and found refuge from sin and Satan, in the bleeding wounds of Jesus, can witness to this truth, That his love surpasses knowledge, and is better than life itself. The cross, the cross! O this is all my glory; the only ground of my rejoicing; by the death of the Son of God, life is purchased for me, and in his prevailing name, I have free access to the throne of grace. I can go and spread before the Father my wants, and my complaints; tell him of all my distresses, my conflicts, my trials, and my weakness; and from the fulness of his Son derive a sufficiency of strength for the day of temptation. I can plead his own word, his precious promises, and rest secure upon them. I can ask the influences of his grace, beg the consolations of the Holy Ghost, and show him my need of comfort. O, I love to sit at the feet of Jesus, till my heart melts, and till my eyes run down with tears. I love to look on him, till they grow dim to outward objects, and till I am wholly taken up with the things

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of faith. Sometimes I am so lost in the height, and breadth, and length, and depth of love immeasurable, that I seem dead to the world, and have no thought of any thing in it. I forget the things of time, and my spirit solaces itself in the foretastes of eternal joys; but alas, these seasons last not long.

Too soon my joys decay,
Too soon my sins arise.

Too soon I find myself groveling midst the clods of earth, and the wheels of love turning heavily. This makes the chains of sense hateful to me; and nothing gives me pleasure that does not increase my growth in grace. I hate all company, all amusements, all business that diverts my mind from spiritual things, and draws it from God.

I delight in those means which I have found most beneficial, and wish to observe every rule which has a good effect upon my spirit. My Saviour has often been pleased to manifest himself in my hours of prayer, and my soul has been caught up to celestial heights, even to the throne of God, while I was in the lowest posture of reverence before him. He has often met me in my retirements, and made solitude so delightful to me, that I love to remain whole days shut

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out from the world. He has graciously refreshed me at his table, and peculiarly in my after retirement, made himself known to my enraptured soul in such a manner as words cannot describe or tongue declare, for it is inexpressible, and only to be felt.* Be as-

* "When by often betaking ourselves to God we become acquainted with him; when by frequent prayer, meditation, and other practices of devotion, we "follow hard after him," and attend close upon him, *he is accustomed to break in upon the soul with flashes of joy; to warm it with beams of comfort; to breathe into it the inspirations of heaven; to speak peace to the heart, and shed through it a thousand consolations; when on our knees before him, we feel our hearts dissolving with love, and flowing out to his bosom, we find the rich tide of affection soon rolling back from God to our souls, and bringing with it pleasures which are unutterable.* Do any of you, my brethren, regard these representations as visions of fancy, having no existence in real life, or as flights of enthusiasm? Believe me, you deceive your own souls; *believe me, many thousands, followers of the Lamb, have found in this intercourse with their God, pleasures incomparably greater than those I have described. I appeal to experience for a confirmation of their reality.* Not to the experience of those cold formal professors, who abound in our churches; who, whilst they attend to the exterior of religion, neglect to cultivate its inward power; who are desirous of appearing holy, and careless of being so; who perform with assiduity those duties in the discharge of which the eyes of men are fixed upon them, but who neglect those exercises which exclude all other witnesses than God, and their own consciences. To the experience of these men we do not appeal; for they are strangers to communion with God; alas! they are strangers to vital religion. *But we appeal to those warm hearted believers, who daily are cementing this heavenly familiarity, by renewing their intercourse with God; who often talk with him in the secret of their closet; and hourly direct their thoughts to their Father and their Friend. Speak and declare that God deals familiarly with men;*

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tonished and wonder, O my soul, that thou, the vilest creature in the world, the very chief of sinners, and a hell deserving wretch, should ever be able to enjoy such a day, or feel the transports that thou hast done. Blush that after this thou hast ever grown cold, lukewarm, and have even now so much reason to mourn, because of unbelief and hardness of heart.

Be ashamed of thy careless and unchristian life, and humble thyself in the presence of the Lord because of thy transgression. Call upon every thing within thee, to exert itself in the service of thy Redeemer; walk more by faith and less by sight; divest thyself of all unnecessary concerns; unlade thy-

draw for a moment that veil with which your modesty has covered the interior of your soul, and show us that your hearts have been inundated with pleasures which the world can never bestow, which the men of the world can never conceive."

The preceding extracts, from the fifth sermon in the volume lately published by the Rev. Dr. Kollock, are added by the editor. The call there made by the eloquent preacher on warm hearted believers to produce their experience, as evidence in support of his doctrine, is here fully answered. They exactly tally; yet it is no packed testimony. It was entered on secret record at the distance of three thousand miles, and is now providentially brought to light, when the writer is entirely disinterested in the applause or censure of mortals, and was written by her, when the reverend author, who makes the appeal, was either unborn or not more than one year old, and to him it was and at this moment is wholly unknown. Vital religion is the same in every clime and age, and among all denominations of christians.

EDITOR.

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self of vanity, and worldly mindedness; be more frequent and earnest in prayer, and live, as it were, continually before the cross; so shalt thou feel thyself renewed in strength, and giving to the Saviour an undivided and sincere heart; he will not only frequently visit, but even take up his abode with thee, confirming thy love, increasing thy faith, and carrying thee from one degree of strength to another, till thou art made perfect in him.

IX.

DISGUST AT FRIVOLOUS CONVERSATION.

How disgusting these vain visits to my sin sick soul. While they examine and talk of laces, dresses, ornaments, and finery, I wish to converse with the hillocks of mortality, to know the full meaning of that sentence, "'Tis the body of the curse," and remember that we should not have needed clothes if sin had not deformed us, and made covering necessary for the hiding of our shame. Dear Jesus, faithful friend, when they are telling of the agreeableness of this party, that set, and the other amusements, I long to get away from among them, to sit at thy feet, to hear thy precious voice, and have com-

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munion with thee. They know not the import of these words, "I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." They know not the pleasures of the way, or the sweetness of thy love, but fondly dream of bliss in fleeting enjoyments. They pursue a shadow and grasp at a phantom. No, dear Christ, nothing below thyself can satisfy an immortal soul, or give it content. There can be no comfort but in thy favour; the whole circle of worldly delights, will prove themselves in the end, nought save vanity; and sooner or later never fail to give their followers, vexation of spirit.

No, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss,
For bliss can ne'er be found,
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on grace's ground.

X.

DELIGHT IN THE COMPANY OF THE PIOUS, AND IN THE EXPECTATION OF HEAVENLY HAPPINESS; LOVE TO JESUS, AND LONGING TO BE WITH HIM IN HEAVEN.

O MY God! minutes come quickly, but mercies were more swift and quick than they. I looked for sorrow, and behold joy; for vain conversation, and behold heavenly society; for trifling and levity, and behold, reproof,

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exhortation, and edification. Thus it is, that thou graciously dealest with me, hearing the prayers of thine unworthy creature, and blessing her, when she least expects it. O how I love the company of pious souls, and to join in praising the name of Jesus; but if this be delightful, these imperfect services so pleasant, what must it be to meet with the blessed society above, where, without sin, and free from interruption and clog, without fetters, and without cloy, I shall join with angels, and archangels, and with all the company of heaven. I shall laud, and magnify his glorious name; evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, the whole heaven is full of thy glory; glory be to thee O Lord. How charming to tell to listening seraphs, the wonders of redeeming love; and

> With transporting joys recount,
> The labours of my feet;

to rehearse my trials, conflicts, and temptations, and in harmonious strains,

> T' ascribe my vict'ry to the Lamb,
> My conquest to his death.

Faith looks forward with delight to this happy period, and my soul stretches her wings, and wishes to be gone. Wo is me, that I am constrained to dwell in Mesech, and have

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my habitation in the tents of Kedar. O that I had wings, like a dove, for then would I flee to the haven of eternal rest, to the bosom of my God.

He is altogether lovely, the chief of ten thousand, fairer than the fairest, and the only fair.

The fondness of the most enraptured lover, the tenderness of the dearest friend, is perfect hatred compared with the love of Jesus; all the ideas, that we can form of things sweet, amiable, and engaging, are mere deformity to the beauties of Emanuel.*

* "Should there be any true christians, whose own cold feelings will not suffer them to approve of those rapturous joys, and ecstatic pleasures, which some persons are, in this work, said to experience; yet I hope, that there are none, or at least, very few, who do not desire to enjoy such divine favour, and press after them as their privilege. That christian has but a slender acquaintance with Emanuel, who does not long to know more of his glory, and enjoy more of his love. There are hundreds of religious persons, whose conduct in all secular affairs evinces them to be possessed of sound understanding; and with respect to religious things, they solemnly declare that at times, they have such views of their interest in the favour of God, and such secret communion with the Father and his son Jesus Christ, as to rejoice therein, with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Why should such persons be censured by their brethren, as enthusiasts? Ignorant and irreligious people will, no doubt, so describe them, and affirm that they are righteous overmuch; but far be it from professors to adopt such sentiments. On the contrary, let such cool religionists be rather animated by these instances of holy fervour, to seek for the same pleasures, and pray that they may be filled with all the fulness of God."

See preface to Shrubsole's Christian Memoirs. This note is added by the editor.

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His winning charms are sufficient to captivate the most unfeeling breast, and warm the coldest heart. Was ever adamant so hard as mine, or flint so stubborn? was ever ice so cold, or affections so frozen? yet the Heavenly Bridegroom overcomes. His persuasive energy is irresistible, and the marks of love graven in his hands and feet, speak to my inmost soul. Jesus, my beloved, thy name gives joy to my desponding heart, and cheers my drooping spirits; Jesus! harmonious sound, life giving word, again and again will I repeat it with fresh delights, and exult in my knowledge of this name. Let Heaven and earth re-echo with the sweet name of Jesus; and let the hosts on high, and saints below, join hearts and tongues, to celebrate it. Teach me, ye tuning seraphs, ye cherubim, ye angels near the throne, ye martyrs, ye eminently pious, who, having escaped the pollutions of the world, and through the blood of the Lamb, gained the conquest, now cast your crowns, adoring at his feet; teach me, O teach me, some of your sweet hymns, that I may bear my humble part in this immortal song. Happy souls, how I envy you; you have escaped, are free from sin and interruption; you behold him face to face, and are strengthened to bear the full blaze of his glory; you have done mourning, and wetting your couch with tears; and now triumph in the

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bliss of Sion. Doubts and fears are over, and you are safely landed on the wished for shore; you have now no intervals of dulness and depression; no need of sleep or food; no interruption from the flesh; but serve your God, without hindrance, and in the perfection of holiness; you have no tempting devil, no deceitful heart, no alluring world; your warfare is finished, your race is run, and you have found rest for your weary feet.

Highly favoured of the Lord, I long to join you; I long to take my place at your feet, and to leave this vale of tears, this thorny wilderness. Come quickly, dear Saviour, quickly come, and bear me to thy blest abode. Earth is a tiresome place; I am quite sick of it, and long to be with thee; yet would I not repine, or be impatient; but resignedly do thy work, and wait thy will. Increase my trials, so thou increase my faith, and welcome crosses, so thou sanctify them. Yet, it is but little that I can do for thee; and my utmost services, are not worth the name; therefore, I plead, that thou wouldst hasten thy coming, and deliver me from my bondage; yet a few more weary steps, and I hope my feet shall rest upon the everlasting hills; and when the awful, though wished for moment arrives, be thou then with me. Put thine everlasting arms underneath me, for my support; give strength and con-

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fidence to my departing spirit; let the recollection of the firm covenant between us, then sustain me, and in mercy gild the dark valley, and brighten the gloomy shadow; enable me, a poor, weak, undeserving sinner, to do honour to religion, in that last finishing scene, and to glorify thee, dear Lord, with my expiring breath.

Then I shall with thee remain,
Partner of thine endless reign;
Then thy face, unclouded see,
Find my Heaven of Heavens in thee.
AMEN, HALLELUJAH.

XI.

CONTRITION FOR LEVITY, TRIFLING, &c.

May 28, and 29.

UNDER dreadful pressure from the commission of two flagrant crimes,

My anguish, distress, and misery, are greater than I can express; and no ideas can be adequate to what I feel, for the shocking levity, trifling, idleness, and even deceit of the foregoing day; dear Lord, pity a contrite soul, and heal my broken bones. Compassionate Redeemer, forgive my guilt, and comfort my poor wounded spirit.

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O what a wretched sinner I am; what an abuser of mercy. Good Lord, I am ready to faint. Pity, pity, I beseech thee.

XII.

TEMPTATION RESISTED AND TURNED TO ADVANTAGE.

WHAT a dreadful trial this is. I have had a hard conflict today. I have sinned, I have grievously sinned, and Satan takes the advantage of my distress, and tempts me not to pray, and cry for mercy, because, says he, you are too bad, and you have abused mercy too much, ever to be forgiven. But, O my Jesus, I have tasted too much of thy marvellous sweetness, to forget it, and leave thee so easily. No, I cannot do it. I lay myself at thy feet; and if I die, I am resolved it shall be there, even before the cross. I know that I deserve everlasting damnation; but this thought, though dreadful, does not pierce me so deeply, as my vile ingratitude to my soul's best friend. I start at the view of myself. Is it possible? Three days ago, and I thought I could have gone with thee to prison, and to death. Three days ago, and I had an answer for every doubt, for every enemy; my sky was clear, and my cup run over with joy; now every thing oversets me, and I lie

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in darkness, and gloomy night. My trembling heart hardly dares speak to its injured Lord; and Satan strives to discourage it more, and more, and even to make it despair; but blessed be God, yes, I will bless my God, for it is he that does it. The devil has not been able to keep me from a throne of grace, with all his subtlety; and I have been kneeling there with shame and confusion of face. I have not been able to say one word, but only show my Jesus a wounded, broken, contrite spirit.

Dearest Lord, despise not my polluted sacrifice, but give some look of kind compassion to a mourning soul. I am all filth, and guilt, and uncleanness. My soul is covered with leprosy; but I know that if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean, and restore me to peace and comfort.

Let me humbly plead with my Lord, and earnestly implore his pity. I am a helpless, undone sinner, that, without a glance from thee, or a cheering ray, must sink into despondency.

Dear, kind shepherd, for thine own name, and for thine honour's sake, recal a wandering sheep, and bring me, to feed again in the sweet pastures of thy love. O magnify thy grace in me, a poor silly creature; and be thou glorified by my consolation. I thank and adore thee, sweet Jesus, for any rills of

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comfort, any glimpse of relief, to my distressed mind. Show me again the reviving light of thy countenance; let me once more enjoy sweet communion with thee, and my trembling soul find refuge in thy bleeding wounds. Help me to walk more circumspectly, and never to spend another day in so foolish, vain, and worldly a manner, seeing its dreadful consequences are the wounding of my own soul; offending my dear Lord; grieving the Holy Spirit and filling me full of sorrow, darkness, and indevotion. O, give me strength from above, to walk more closely with my God.

XIII.

COMFORT IN RESIGNATION.

My soul, be of good courage, wait on the Lord, and he shall strengthen thy heart; let not the howling of the savage beasts, which rove about this forest, affright thee, nor the pricking of the thorns, which grow thick throughout the way, deter thee from thy duty; thou shalt not have one more trial than is necessary, nor shall the cross ever be heavier than thou canst bear.

Jesus will support me through all the dreary wilderness; nor ever leave his pil-

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grim comfortless, unless for a season, if need be, that my faith and patience, being tried, may be found not wanting; and that being purified, as with fire, I may be counted worthy to receive the end of my faith, even the salvation of my soul. Sometimes it is dark enough within, and the thick clouds of unbelief, almost intercept my sight; but I call to mind, my past experiences, and remember the old loving kindnesses of my Lord. I think on Christ's unbounded love, and rest with sweet delight upon the gracious promises. I often enjoy inexpressible rapture, in the contradiction of my own will, and in the midst of distress, am enabled to sing songs of triumph.

XIV.

COMMUNION WITH GOD UNDER DISAPPOINTMENTS.

A LITTLE time ago, I met with a considerable disappointment, and in a matter too, that lay much upon my heart; but I shall never forget the comfort I received. I shut myself out from the world, and in bitterness of spirit, fell low before my Saviour. I poured forth floods of tears before him. I showed him my rebellious heart, ready to repine, because things went not as I would have them

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My dear Master gave me a look of kind compassion, and with ineffable sweetness smiled graciously upon me. Nature was subdued; Grace triumphant. I left him not, till my whole soul was melted to resignation; and I went forth from my chamber, cheerful and easy, without a single wish, but in subserviency to the divine direction, and desiring nothing but that God's will may be done in me, and by me, and upon me. I find such happiness in this state of mind, that it is my utmost ambition to attain an entire submission to the decrees of Providence, so that I may receive, what to my short sightedness appears evil, with the same thankfulness, as the most desirable things in the world; and even accounting it all joy, that I am thought worthy to suffer, knowing that nothing happens by chance, and every dispensation, if my own stubbornness prevent it not, will work for my eternal welfare, and every cross be made a step to glory.

'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the Cross;
But the Saviour's love to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials lay me at his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

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XV.

PANTING AFTER GOD, AND DELIGHT IN HIM, AS THE SUPREME GOOD.

As the reviving stream to the thirsty hart; as the soft nocturnal dews to the parched herbage; and as plenteous showers, after long drought in summer; so dear fountain head of refreshment, and infinitely more, are the emanations of thy love and the waterings of thy grace, to my thirsty, dry, and parched soul; thou art my retreat from the burning sun, and the shelter of my defenceless head.

To thy bosom do I flee for refuge, from the hellish darts of Satan; and hide myself in thee, from all my ghostly enemies.

While I abide with thee, I am secure, nor fear to be molested by the most potent foe; but, alas! fool that I am, my unsteady feet are ever apt to stray, and wander in temptation's flowery paths.

Through the prevalence of temptation, I leave my Lord, enter into the world, defile my robes, fill myself with mourning, and drink deep of the bitter cup of shame and remorse; it is astonishing to myself, that after receiving from thee the bread of life, and drinking large draughts of living water, I should ever forsake thy bosom, and leave my

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hiding place. Lord, I love trials, I love crosses, for they send me near to thee. Passing through the fire and water, through torrents of distress, and floods of tribulation, are indeed my sweetest moments, for then I forget the world, and derive my happiness and comfort from thyself alone, my unchangeable and never failing friend. In the day of affliction, thou dost cheer my fainting soul, and revive my drooping spirits. When I am ready to sink under the load of grief, and enveloped with deep gloom, my heart and my strength are ready to fail, he supports me in the dark hour, and darting through the thickest clouds, with the sunbeams of his love, calms my troubled mind; gives light and joy, peace and consolation, which the world knows nothing of, and which I would not part with for thrones of royalty, and sceptres of dominion.

Mistress of the universe, without Christ, I should be miserable; with him, no state can be adverse; for the soul that is made one with Jesus, and lives in daily communion with him, has health, friendship, honour, wealth, pleasure, and satisfaction, more and greater than the warmest imagination can conceive, or the most fluent tongue describe.

Weak of body, sick in soul,
Deprest at heart, and faint with fears;
His dear presence make me whole,
And with sweet comfort cheers.

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Thou of love, the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee,
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

XVI.

DREAD OF INABILITY TO RESIST TEMPTATION; TRUST IN GOD, AND SUPPLICATION FOR STRENGTH IN TIME OF NEED.

I AM often much distressed by fears of apostasy. This dread upon my mind keeps me very low, and I often weep at the very apprehension of it. I cry day and night to my God, and importunately wrestle with Him for preserving grace. I expect, unless there be some wonderful intervention of divine grace, soon to meet with sore temptations. The fear of reproach, and love of creatures, so easily beset me, that I am sure nothing less than power from on high, can enable me to stand; my situation at present, is peculiarly happy; I am in a dear family; my uncle and aunt are patterns of piety, and every one in the house, to all outward appearance, is a real christian. Here I am encouraged in devotion, and my pious resolutions meet with applause; but, O what should I do, if I were in an irreligious, or even lukewarm society; how could I bear

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to be laughed at for my preciseness, and to be ridiculed for my strictness to hours of prayers; how would my poor heart stand it, if I were surrounded with gay company, and from morning to night, heard nothing but worldly conversation. Do I not find, whenever I go out, the world too apt to engross my thoughts, and steal on my affections? What should I do, if my nearest connexions and dearest relatives were gay and fashionable, and did not live up to the strictest doctrines of the cross? If left to myself I must undoubtedly fall; and unless Christ has pity on me, I must infallibly backslide. Dear, tender hearted Shepherd, hear the groanings of a trembling soul; and let not my importunity offend thee; my immortal interest is at stake, and nothing but thy strength can be sufficient to redeem it from destruction. I rest and depend wholly upon thee, for I know that of myself I shall be ever prone to wander.

Dear Jesus! hear, in pity hear me; after such solemn covenanting; such awful transactions; such rapturous endearments, let not earth or hell, tempt me to violate my vows, nor the united force of men and devils, have power to break the bonds, which tie me to thee. O let me never perjure myself, never deny or forsake my Lord, for with whom else can I find equal happiness, or what shall recompense me for the loss of thy favour.

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O, my Redeemer! I am willing to take up the cross; to go with thee to prison and to death; to bear shame, reproach, contumely, loss of fortune, reputation, and even life itself, for thy sake, but not able to do the least of them. It is thou only, who hast worked in me the will, that must give me the power. Send down upon me thy heavenly benediction; strengthen me from above. O let me hear thy gracious voice declaring, that strength shall be equal to the day; then will I rejoice, and leaning on thine all-sufficient grace, go forth conquering, and to conquer; let thine arm be my support, and grace my shield. Thy spirit my guide and director, and for thy mercy's sake, perfect thine own work in the soul of thy willing servant.

XVII.

VANITY OF THE WORLD, AND JOY IN THE SAVIOUR.

LET not, Lord, my wandering mind,
Follow after fleeting toys;
Since in thee alone I find,
Solid and substantial joys;
Joys, that never overpast,
Through eternity shall last.

Lord, how happy is the heart,
After thee, while it aspires,
True and faithful, as thou art,
Thou shalt answer its desires;
It shall see the glorious scene,
Of thine everlasting reign.

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How comfortable is it, thus to enjoy my Saviour; how much more satisfactory, and substantial is this bliss, than that to be gained by a few minutes idle conversation, or those trifling employments, which have lately occupied my mind. Lord, show me more of the vanity of the world, and my great need of thee.

XVIII.

CONTRITION FOR MISPENT TIME, AND RESOLUTIONS TO IMPROVE IT IN FUTURE.

September 5.

TIME is short; how seasonable then is the advice of the apostle; "Use the world as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away."

When I look back, and consider how often, and how long, I abused the good gifts of God; not receiving them with thankfulness, but employing them solely for the gratification of my sinful and corrupt desires, I am filled with the deepest horror and mourn, with heartfelt grief, my vile ingratitude.

When I review the hours and days, the months and years, of sin and folly, which have passed over my guilty head, and reflect on the amazing, unparalleled iniquities which

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I have committed; recollect the gracious opportunities, which I have misimproved; the numberless sermons and conversations of pious friends, and godly ministers, which I have slighted; the strivings of the blessed spirit, which I have resisted, and with all the continuance of distinguished mercies on so undeserving a wretch, my very knees smite together, with trembling and confusion, and I grow pale with sorrow and regret. It is astonishing to myself, that I have been so long spared; that I have yet a day of grace; and I cannot but behold myself as a miracle of mercy.

I shudder at the very thoughts of what would have become of me, if God had stopt me in my career, and cut short my days, as I justly merited, but a year, or a year and a half ago. I was then in the very height of folly, in open rebellion against the majesty of Heaven, and running headlong to destruction. I had backslidden, forgotten my first love, and was ten times worse than ever I had been in my life. Adored be the divine love, which had better things in store for me, and which by amazing and powerful, though in general secret and invisible means, called me to himself again, and has gone on, fulfilling his own work in my heart till now, through grace I can rejoice in, and long for that hour, which then I dreaded, even to think upon.

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Oh that I could now redeem the time; since it is impossible to recal the precious moments which are gone, bearing on their wings nothing but the black account of my transgressions; may I endeavour to retrieve my past misconduct, by my future vigilance. Oh! that I could spend one day well; one day wisely and without waste of time. O! how much of this invaluable and precious blessing is spent; not merely on things unnecessary, but on things hurtful, and which fetter my feet, and hinder me in my progress.

What a great portion of my time, is devoted to sleep and meals; to outward adornings; to provision for the flesh; to vain visits; to unprofitable conversation; to idle curiosity; and ten thousand other trifles, which too often occupy the greater part of the day.

What an important work have I to do, and how little time to do it in? O that I may make my calling and election sure. I do not know, but my journey may be nearly finished, and in a few weeks, perhaps a few hours, the awful summons may arrive, and warn me to quit this tenement of clay, and to appear before the great judge of quick and dead. O that I may be found ready, sincerely penitent, and humbly contrite; and when the solemn register of all my secret, as well as outward sins, is opened, may they be found crossed by his precious death and merits.

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Awake, awake, O my lethargic soul! sleep no longer on the brink of a precipice. Content not thyself, with having done something, but press forward continually, with thy utmost power. Make the most of the short span allotted thee, and never rest satisfied with any thing short of perfection. Yet a little while, and that cry shall sound in thine ears; "Behold the bridegroom cometh;" watch, that thou mayest be ready to meet him, to meet him with joy, and to be received by him into that everlasting kingdom, prepared for thee, by his love, before the foundation of the world.

My God and my strength, thou wilt shortly come with power and great glory, to judge the world, and to separate the sheep from the goats; make me diligent, and prepare me for thy coming; and grant that I may be one of those, who will sit on thy right hand, and dwell for ever with thee, in the mansions of unfading bliss and evergrowing pleasure.

XIX.

ON THE LORD'S DAY. THANKSGIVING FOR RESTORED HEALTH, AND RENEWED ACT OF SELF DEDICATION TO GOD; WITH PRAYER TO BE ENABLED TO ACT WORTHY OF THE HONOURABLE NAME OF A CHRISTIAN.

Sunday.

THIS is the day which the Lord has made; I will rejoice and be glad in it. The sabbath

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and service of the Lord, shall be the joy and solace of my soul.

I will pay my vows now in the sight of all thy people, and enter into thy courts with thanksgiving and praise, for the wonderful mercies, vouchsafed me throughout my life; particularly for thy late mercies of comfort on a bed of sickness, restoration from the brink of the grave,* and an agreeable and safe journey. Lord, here I am. Receive this renewed oblation of myself to thee; not indeed, for the merit of it, but for the sake and worthiness of my dear Redeemer.

Help me this day, and all the days of my life, to walk worthy the honourable name I bear; as one signed with the sign of the cross, and may I never be ashamed of the faith of Christ crucified; but as a good soldier and servant of the Lord Jesus, fight manfully under this banner against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Compassionate High Priest, give me, I beseech thee, continual supplies of strength from thine own unbounded fulness; and in thy outer court this day, let me be greatly refreshed and

* The date of these meditations is fixed by this circumstance. It is known in the domestic circle, that Miss Laurens was in serious danger of dying in England, from the measles, soon after she left Charleston, in the 16th. year of her age; and, before she went to France, in her 19th. year. The original is without date as to the year.

EDITOR.

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strengthened to go on my way. O let this sabbath be to me an emblem of the eternal sabbatism, which I hope ere long to enjoy, with all the faithful, in thy glorious kingdom.

O give me a glimpse of thy countenance, and reveal thyself to my seeking soul, through the lattice of divine ordinances. Banish every worldly thought, and drive from me all vain ideas.

Come, holy spirit! come; O come, and cleanse my heart; prepare it for the reception of my divine guest; set it totally free from all earthly solicitude; and make it a fit habitation for the ever glorious Trinity.

O thou, who standest knocking at the door, with joy to thee I open; come in, and sup with me; come in, and take up thine eternal abode, and let me ever dwell in thee, and thou in me.

XX.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR RENEWING GRACE, AND AN ASCRIPTION OF EVERY ATTAINMENT AND BLESSING TO FREE, UNMERITED GRACE.

WHAT has God wrought? O, my soul! look, and look, and love, and wonder! How am I changed! How different are my thoughts,

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my views, my pursuits to what they were! and blessed be God that I can say, how different is my practice. I now love what I hated, and abhor what was my former delight. Adored be grace. Not unto me, O Lord! not unto me, but to thy free and unmerited goodness, be all the glory of my salvation. I had neither power nor inclination, to part with earth, or seek for Heaven; but grace has done the work; convinced me of sin, and made me in love with Holiness. It has shown me my own inability to every good thing, and my need of so all sufficient a Saviour as Jesus is.

Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels dwell upon the sound,
Ye Heavens reflect it to the ground.

I was quickened by grace, when dead in trespasses and sins; by grace, alone, I stand; by grace only do I make any attainments; and without grace I am nothing; can do nothing but sin. The building was begun by grace, and the topstone shall be raised with shouting grace, grace unto it. Through time and eternity, grace shall be still my theme; now in time, I can only lisp its praises; then in eternity, when my stammering tongue is unloosed in a nobler, sweeter song, I will sing its power to save, and join with all the nations of the ransomed, in

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echoing, and re-echoing through the vast expanse of Heaven, the wonders of redeeming grace, and in ascribing to the Lamb, the blessing, honour, and glory, due unto his name.

O what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my beloved mine.

Blessed Saviour! I adore thy wonderful goodness, to so undeserving a sinner, to so vile a rebel; any hope of pardon, any interval of peace, was more than I could possibly merit or expect at thy hands; and yet thou hast given me a full assurance of forgiveness, and often refreshed me with sensible manifestations of thy good will toward me. Praised be thy Name.

I charge you all, you earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys;
Nor sin, nor hell, come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

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APPENDIX, N°. V.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. RAMSAY'S DIARY.

Saturday, July 16th. 1791.

My feet had well nigh slipped, through the prevalence of my easily besetting sin; nevertheless, I laid me down to sleep, rejoicing that I had not utterly fallen. Lord, make me at all times watchful.

17th. Lord, may this be a sanctified sabbath; a day to be remembered for holy resolutions and enabling grace. I am weak; O when shall the time of full strength come. In all the great trials and lesser vexations of life, may patience have its perfect work, till I lie down where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

19th. I thank God, for the ease and cheerfulness of this day; and that, in spite of secret griefs, and spiritual conflicts, my soul and body do both sweetly repose themselves in the God of my salvation.

20th. O day, blackened with sin, and spotted by transgression! how long, O Lord! how long; when shall I advance in the spir-

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itual life, and not thus wound my peace, and disgrace my profession. I thank God, that my heart aches. O let it never be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. Oh, my God! how lately hath thine afflictive Providence been wringing my heart, with a two-fold anguish; the loss of my sweet baby, and the consideration of those sins, which required this chastisement; and yet, how prone am I to return to folly. Oh! for the grace of true repentance, and of unfeigned resignation.

27th. The two last days, have been days of mournful walking. Oh how does the remembrance of my sweet Fanny press upon my memory; and how good is God, that though cast down, yet my heart is kept from murmuring, and aches more for my sorrow causing sins, than for the sorrow itself; thanks be to Christ, who has purchased a Heaven for us, where we shall be without sin, and of course without sorrow.

28th. Lord, make me ashamed of my sins, and give me a holy fortitude to resist; and let me be making continual war against them, till grace shall conquer, and death set me beyond their reach.

29th. Oh power of sin, how great art thou! Lord, give me strength.

30th. My heart is ready to break under a sense of sin, and I cry out, I shall one day

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fall by the hands of these mine enemies. Oh thou great deliverer, Death! how pleasant is the thought that thou wilt free me from this body of corruption; hold thou me up, O Lord! that all the days of my appointed time, I may walk very humbly and mourfully, under a sense of mine iniquities. Cleanse thou me from secret faults, and let no open, or presumptuous sin, get the better of me. Lord, I am weak; strengthen me; I am bowed down under thy chastisement; yet so much lighter is it than my guilt, that I am filled with wonder at thy compassions and long suffering.

31st. Prepare me, O God, for the unknown events of this day; and at all times, keep me humble and fearful.

August 4th. Oh! easily besetting sin; when shall the time come, that thy power will be broken, and my poor soul find rest. Lord, make me diligent, in self examination, and let not any sin have dominion over me.

5th. In six and in seven troubles, I have found thee, O Lord, my help. Forsake me not now, O my God! I am most unworthy, Lord, even to look up unto thee; yet to whom, Lord, should I go, but unto thee, who hast words of Eternal Life, and the keys of universal Providence. Unto thee, commit I my ways; and on thee, as from whom alone can come help, do I cast my cares.

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6th. These three past days have been black days; Lord, deliver me from sin, especially from those, which so easily beset, and so often oppress me. My soul longs for deliverance and rest. Holy Spirit of sanctification, dwell and rule in me, and deliver me from this horrible subjection.

10th. Mr. Hollinshead baptized Mr. E. Ramsay's little boy, naming him David. May God bless the infant, and make it indeed a child of grace.

12th. Here I still remain a monument of forbearing mercy. Oh infinite compassion, that I should be out of Hell! Oh Lord! the pressure of my sins is indeed very great. Oh! for thy mercy's sake, deliver me. I am weary of my life, because of my daily sins; and whereas, I ought to have made progress. Despair is sometimes ready to overcome me, through the power of sin. Lord, help me, enable me to endure to the end. Lord, abandon me not, for I grow weaker and weaker.

15th. and 16th. Truly, the pressure of guilt is upon me, and I feel astonished that my bed has not this night been made in Hell. O wretched me! when shall I be delivered from the body of this death, and from the power of this sin. Oh, how it cleaves to me, how it besets me, how it conquers me, and then leaves me almost in the depths of despair.

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Lord, I tremble, and my soul is sore pained within me. Surely these repeated rebellions are forfeiting all thy mercies, and I need dread, lest all sorts of bereavements happen to me; I need be in horror, lest the worst of bereavements happen to me; even that I be bereaved of the light of God's countenance, and damnation be my portion. Oh! vilest and most complicated of sinners that I am! Terror and dismay take hold upon me. O, if men knew me as I am known to my God, I should be trampled under foot; the church would disown me; the greatest sinners would abominate me, my husband, that loves and thinks well of me, would wonder at me, and mourn, and I should be hated of all men.*

* These self abasements and condemnations, may appear to some to be extravagant. To this it is replied, that they are warranted by the descriptions of human depravity, given in holy writ. "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart, was only evil continually." Genesis vi. 5. "The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Who can know it." Jeremiah, xvii. 9. St. Paul calls himself "the chief of sinners." 2 Timothy i. 15. It is also to be observed, that they who do not practise self examination, are unacquainted with the workings of their own minds, and strangers to heart religion, are not competent judges. It is with holiness as with knowledge. He who knows most, is most sensible of the defects of his knowledge. They who have attained the highest eminence in religion are most deeply impressed with a sense of their own unworthiness. As every exercised christian knows more of the sinfulness of his own heart, than he possibly can of the heart of another, the practical result is, that every such christian is apt to think worse of himself, than of any

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Lord have mercy upon me! Christ have mercy upon me, a most miserable sinner, and let any thing happen to me, rather than I should be easy in this dreadful, evil state of sin. Oh! Holy Spirit, strive with me. Oh! gracious friend of sinners, intercede for me. Oh, merciful Father! have pity upon me, and give me power against sin, and more and more brokenness of heart, because of it. Lord, I can hardly endure the view of my own heart, yet forbid that it should be hidden from me. Jesus, Lord, I fly to thy cross; for sorrow taketh hold of me, and yet so weak am I, that I have no power against the very sins which do so pierce me through.

October 19th. As this day, O Lord! is stained with sin, so let it be marked by the deep-

other person. Before the charge of weakness, rant, or enthusiasm, is brought against the subject of these memoirs, it is recommended to the objector to make the following experiment. Let him take the same pains she did, to acquire self knowledge, by daily self examination, by reading the word of God, and comparing herself with it; by studying such practical authors on the subject, as Owen on Indwelling Sin, and Flavel on Keeping the Heart; by daily prayer to God, to search and try her; to discover her to herself, by daily watching the origin and motives of her thoughts, words, and actions; and by comparing them all, with the divine commands, to do all for the glory of God; "to love her Maker with all her heart," and "her neighbour as herself," and then he will be more capable of deciding whether the self abasements and condemnation which run through her diary, unseen by any human being while she lived, was the language of a weak, enthusiastic person, or the genuine expressions of real, unaffected humility, grounded on self knowledge.

EDITOR.

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ness of my repentance. Let the blood of Jesus cleanse me from my defilements; and the grace of thy Holy Spirit, prevent me from such repeated falls; and save me from falling finally. Oh! sins against vows; sins against light; how do they pierce my heart. Surely, Oh Lord! there are none that do eat of thy bread, who lift up their heel against thee, like me. Lord save me or I perish. Oh! I would not let thee go; but alas, alas, how often do I act as if I knew thee not, much less as if I cleaved to thee. Lord have pity on a sinner.

21st. Nanny, our servant, died in an instant of an apoplexy. Lord, make it useful to the young people in our family, and may we all improve by the warning.

November 2d. Alas, Lord, how wretched am I, while the desire of my heart is, I trust, truly turned to thee; yet I often fall into such sins, as bring horror upon me. Oh my God! I am weakness itself. Strengthen me by thy grace, and preserve me from secret sins, and from presumptuous faults, and enable me to walk watchfully.

Lord, I recommend myself to thee, in the present intricacy of several of my worldly concerns. I bless thee for thy counsels and chastenings; give me wisdom and prudence in all my walk, a resigned temper, and a humble mind, and enable me pondering all these

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things in my heart, and remembering thy former loving kindnesses, and thy tried faithfulness and compassions, amidst the storms of inward temptation, and outward troubles, to have my heart at peace, being stayed upon thee. Lord, if any heavy trial is before me, help me to go through it with becoming fortitude, and with great meekness; and walking by faith and not by sight, may I humbly and patiently wait the great unfoldings of thy providence.

Lord, assist me in my preparations for the solemnities of the ensuing sabbath. Break my heart down, under a sense of sins, and then enable me to look to Jesus.

5th. Lord, I thank thee who art a God, that givest as well as takest. I praise thee, that I have one child in heaven. Lord have mercy on those, which remain on earth, and in thine own good time and way, bring them also to the kingdom of thy glory. Lord, help me in the time which is before me, to walk in a humble, strict and watchful manner, and not by any indulgence in sin to be laying up sorrow for my wretched self. Jesus, hear and help a sinner, who casts herself on thee.

10th. Lord be pleased to give me repentance for the sins of this day, and power against all sin; but especially against that, which thou, O God, seest, and my own heart know-

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eth, to be my easily besetting sin.* Lord suffer me not to fall into presumptions, and by

* What is so pathetically deplored throughout this diary, as the easily besetting sin of its author, the editor declares himself to be wholly ignorant of. An easily besetting sin, is generally understood to be a sin to the commission of which, there is a strong propensity, either from the constitution, or temperament of the body, or some peculiar circumstances of the times, of situation, profession, of mind, body or outward estate. After twenty four years of wedded life, and a distinct recollection of all the scenes thereof, the editor cannot ascertain what was really intended by the sin, so repeatedly confessed, and resolved against, under the definition of the easily besetting sin, of the subject of these memoirs. In the whole course of that time he never once saw her so far under the influence of resentment or passion, as to approach the confines of sinful anger, or even to be inconsistent with female decorum. If she excelled in any one virtue, more than another, it was meekness. He also declares that in the same period he never knew her to utter any thing that could be called envious, slanderous, or bitter language; or do any thing that appeared to be the result of malice or ill will. That she received slights is well known; but it is also known that she resented them no farther than by avoiding their repetition, and by praying for their authors. Of a proud overbearing disposition, there was not the least appearance. As a wife and mother, her only fault, if such it may be called, was the excess of her love, tenderness, and anxiety, for the comfort and happiness of her husband and children, inducing her to make too large sacrifices of her own enjoyments, for their accommodation. Of any habit of acting wrong, of any propensity to it, or even of any such deliberate act, there is no recollection. She often reproached herself for not doing all that might have been done for restraining servants from vice, particularly intemperance, and resolved upon stricter measures, and particularly, that each young negro, in addition to moral means, for preventing habitual drunkenness, should be severely chastised for each and every single act of intoxication. It is possible that this laxity of family discipline, may have been alluded to; but it is more probable, it referred to something only known to her-

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thy great mercy, keep me from the dominion of any sin. O friend of sinners, have pity on me, and make me dread sin above all things, and walk with holy fear, at a distance from all the occasions of it. Lord, save me or I perish.

21st. Lord fill me with shame, for the sins of this day, and deliver me from the power of sin. Lord, my soul loveth thee, and I groan under this body of corruption; make thy grace sufficient for me.

25th. My husband set out for Columbia. I pray God bless and preserve him; the same day, my dear little Patty fell into the parlour fire; but by God's good providence I was enabled to snatch her out, and smother the flame, before she had received any considerable injury; may God's goodness deeply affect me; and may I show forth his praise in a holy life. Lord, pluck her as a brand from everlasting burnings, and make her thine own child.

December 28th. In all my soul perplexity, I would come to God; he is a tried refuge, and has brought me in spite of sin thus far. Oh, my good God! forsake me not now; but be my very present help in trouble; to thee do I pour out my soul, and from thee do I

self, such as coldness and languor in performing religious duties, and deficiencies in love to her Maker and Redeemer. EDITOR.

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expect, and look for that succour, which I so greatly need, and which none but thou canst afford. Lord, I cast myself on thy mercy in Christ. Strengthen thou me, lest I faint, or utterly fall away.

August 12, 1794. Many people are ill just now, and deaths frequent; and although the reigning disorder is said to be confined to strangers or people who live irregularly, yet when so many are sick, and dying around us, it is a call to all, to gird up their loins, to trim their lamps, and to be in readiness. Lord, make me at all times ready; that so thy coming, under whatever circumstances, and at whatever hour, may be a matter of joy, and not of terror to my poor soul. Oh be pleased to give my dear husband judgment, and steadiness of mind, in the duties of his profession, and preservation from the dangers of it. My gracious Saviour be thou pleased to deliver me from being under the dominion of any sin; and grace most particularly, to watch against the assaults of my easily besetting sin; that so this *iniquity*, may never be my ruin.

16th. Alas, O my soul, on a review of the week past, how little cause have I for rejoicing; my dear Sabina has been brought through her weaning at a critical time, beyond all my expectation, and is healthy and thriving; the rest of my children and family well, when so

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many are sick, dying, or dead, around us; but what have I rendered to the Lord for all these benefits? It has been a week marked by folly, and stained by sin. I have been careless in all my duties, and have fallen into sins, over which I have again and again mourned, and into which I had hoped never to fall again; and now, O my God! if thou shouldst be strict to mark what is done amiss, how should I abide. I desire to apply to that grace, which is my only refuge. Oh Lord, accept and pardon me in Christ; enable me, all the remainder of my life, to walk under a humbling sense of sin, so as always to have a broken and contrite heart; and Oh my God! as the thing which I desire of thee above any thing else in the world, and what thou alone canst give, be pleased to save me from the power and tyranny of sin, and grant me inward and outward sanctification, as a means of avoiding sin; enable me to keep the resolution which I now make to perform daily self examination, with more diligence and strictness, than I have lately done, and constantly to meditate on the awfulness of making a religious profession, without a daily serious care, to be holy in thought, word, and deed.

18th. With bitterness of spirit, I desire to humble myself before the Lord, under a recollection of all my past sins, and more especially of the sins committed since I have de-

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voted myself to him, and chosen him to be my God. Oh, these are the sore burdens, the grievous distresses; after having known the goodness of the Lord, so repeatedly to rebel against him. Oh my Heavenly Father! be pleased to give me more wisdom and more grace for the future; my soul panteth after holiness, and the most earnest desire of my heart, is to cleave more diligently to the way of thy statutes. I would wish to be more diligent in self examination; more watchful to prayer; more steady in resisting temptation; more attentive to providences, and more careful in the instructions which I give my dear children, and in the example which I set before them. Lord, I am not sufficient for these things; but hold thou me up, and I shall be safe, and my feet shall not slide to fall.

23d. On a review of the last week, I find that my mind has been much exercised in spiritual things; that I have been more earnest in private prayer, and sought my God in the watches of the night; and yet I cannot perceive an increase in sanctification, according to my desire; nor that strength against sin, which my soul pants after. Oh my God, be pleased to give me holiness; enable me to go on, to serve my blessed Saviour fully, and to walk with that uprightness, that uniformity, that heavenly mindedness, which I owe to him who has bought me

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with so great a price, and whose mercy and love toward me, is so great and so constant. Oh that I could hate sin, not only in my judgment, but in my practice, by avoiding it, and every thing that leads to it, in thought, word, or deed. Oh how happy are they, whose warfare is ended, and who have an everlasting period put to all their sins, and sorrows and temptations, and are safe in the new Jerusalem. Hold thou me up, O Lord, and I also shall be safe; but if thou leave me but a moment to my own wretched and sinful propensities, I perish, and am undone.

September 22, 1794. Mrs. Petrie died of a six days illness; having been married to Mr. George Petrie, only twelve days. God grant that no such awful and awakening providence, as the removal of a young person, so lately full of life, and health, and strength, should pass without some serious improvement; some earnest desire to have my loins girt, and my lamp burning.

October 6th. My sister Pinckney died, having been generally delirious from Friday; and her speech so thickened, that though she attempted it in the intervals of reason, she never could make us understand what she wished to say to us. Miss Futerell and myself were constantly with her; but my heart is too full to write on this subject. Lord, thou knowest my groanings, and my sighings are not hid from thee; commiserate thy poor,

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sinful, suffering creature; and fill me with humility and resignation, under this exceedingly heavy stroke of thy Providence.

13th. Having had continued sickness of body, and a mind full of grief; though I trust entirely submitted, and resigned to the divine will, and desiring to find life, health, and peace in the cross, on the second of November, I became so seriously ill, as to fill all about me with apprehensions for my life; in which state, I remained for two days; and for five more, in a state of very deplorable weakness; it pleased Him, however, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, to raise me from the bed of languishing; and upon the whole, my general health is better than it had been before. Oh that by all means, God may draw me to himself; and never cease striving with me, till I am wholly his.

November 21st. Dr. Ramsay left me to go to Columbia; I thank God he was not called to this duty, at the time, I was so extremely ill. May God bless and take care of this dearest and best of friends; and return him in health and safety to me.

February 7th. 1795. Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord, and thou hast heard, and helped me. Out of the depths now I cry unto thee again, O my God. Let not my grievous sins stand as a separating wall, between thee and my soul; but for the sake of Christ, my atonement and

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intercessor, hear thou me, and help, for from thee, alone, can help come. I am in straits, trials and perplexities of soul, and of body. My outward affairs can only be helped by thy providence; my spiritual troubles by thy grace. Creatures can neither understand, nor assist me; to thee, therefore, the giver of all good, and the source of all consolation, do I come, and humbly commit all my cares to thee, who carest for sparrows; how much more for thy redeemed ones. Surely I have found thee a prayer answering God, and that in some very remarkable instances; and whereas, I might have been in hell; and there deserve now to be; instead of being here, I have reason to say, hitherto hath the Lord helped me; and yet my wicked, faithless heart, dares to doubt, if he will yet help me. Oh my good God, whose providence is over all thy works, and whose long suffering is infinite, punish not this faithlessness of thy poor, broken, and bruised reed, by leaving me to myself; but add this to all thy former loving kindnesses, to hear me in the requests which I now offer unto thee, and send me a gracious answer according to my singular necessities; calm, O Lord, the tumult of my thoughts; compose my disturbed mind, and make me lowly and resigned before thee, as becomes so great a sinner. If thou art pleased to an-

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swer my prayer, and yet that it should be in a way of affliction, let it suffice me, that the Lord reigneth; and may not a murmuring thought come across my breast; but looking unto Jesus, who, for my sake, endured the cross; may I also meekly submit; shouldst thou answer me according to my wishes; Oh let it be in mercy, not in judgment; and let this renewed instance of thy kindness and condescension, draw my heart nearer to thee, in faith and holiness, than it has ever been. Lord, I leave my case, my sorrows and difficulties before thee; pleading only the merits of the precious Saviour; to thee, O my Jesus, are all my sighings known; and my groanings are not hid from thee.

March 1st. Lord I come before thee again with my perplexities; Oh let not my importunities offend my God; but do thou be pleased this day for Christ my Redeemer's sake, to hear and to help me, and to give a gracious answer to those prayers which I shall offer in thy house, and at thy table; Lord, give me a quiet mind and a resigned temper in whatever thou shalt be pleased to order. May no doubtings or unbelief on my part offend my God; but may I now most remarkably find thee the God who wilt perform for me this thing which I so much desire; Lord, be pleased to remember thy word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast made me to

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hope. Let not the Lord be angry with his poor creature, who so earnestly pleads with him now to manifest himself to her soul as her God, by answering her present request and supplication. Lord I am thine, save thy servant, and if it be compatible with thy divine decrees, grant the desire of my heart which thou knowest, and by this manifestation of thy providence, clear up my dark skies, and restore peace to my troubled soul.

11th. May a good and merciful God turn off my heart from folly and unbelief, and be pleased in great mercy to quiet my spirit and to force me to confess that he is the wonder working God. Deliver me, O Lord, from consuming care; clear up my darkened skies, be pleased, O my gracious and condescending Father, to relieve my mind from its present perplexity; to fit me again for usefulness, and to grant me, if it be thy blessed will, a gracious and speedy answer to prayer.

27th. Since the 27th. of January my mind has been more exercised both from outward pressure and inward conflict than I can ever recollect it to have been since I gave myself to be the Lord's; most particularly the 7th. of February. The 1st. and 11th. of March have been extraordinary days, both of agony of spirit, and of prayer to God. On the 14th of April, from the extreme distress I was in, I felt as if heart and flesh, without any bodily

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indisposition, were both going to fail; and nothing but the support of the everlasting arm, and the pouring out my complaint with groans and tears, and sighs into the bosom of him, who was once a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, kept me from sinking. Oh! who but the Maker of my frame, and the former of my spirit, could ever know what I underwent on this awful day. Had I turned to any creature, none could have understood my case, much less could they have helped it; but I turned unto the Lord, my often tried; Oh that I had not to add my often provoked friend; and he said unto me, deep as seemeth this mire, thou shalt not sink in it. I will make a path for thy poor wearied feet, that thou mayest get out; nevertheless, because of thy sins against light and love and gracious manifestation, it must be with sorrow, and with suffering, and with toil. On the 15th. I had a very remarkable answer to prayer, a partial lifting up, and tokens for good vouchsafed me, that I should be helped through, and that he who made the sun to stand still for Joshua would bring me quite through; since then I have been waiting for the full accomplishment of that desire of my heart, which I believe the Lord will grant me, though the favour has been deferred; yet, alas, alas, I have not waited as one so suffering and so helped

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ought to have waited. I am defiled with sin; I have left off to walk so softly before the Lord, as I had done before this aid was granted me; and now I am in a plunge again; and my skies, which seemed to be clearing away, are now obscured by clouds and darkness. Wo is me, for fear I have sinned away God's mercy, and am fearful about the manifestation of his power; his all sufficiency, his tender compassions which day and night I have been looking up to him for; yet Oh no! let me not add to my other guilt the guilt of unbelief; the Lord has caused me to pray; he will answer the prayer of my petition; he hath caused me to hope, the strength of Israel will not fail me; merit of mine own could at no time be the plea for gracious favour or providential mercies; and now what time I am afraid, and my heart doubteth and trembleth within me, I will lean on Jesus; I will trust in him; I will believe that for the sake of this dear Saviour, my God will perform for me all this thing which I hope for from him; and I will therefore cast all my care on him who careth for me, both for my soul and my body. My soul waited upon God; upon the bountiful God; from him is all my expectation, and in him is all my trust; Oh Lord! keep me watchful and prayerful.

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June 2d. I can no longer say the skies are darkening, for they are so darkened that I see no light; and I am ready to call myself desolate, forsaken, cast off by God; yet, I dare not murmur, I am not in hell, where I deserve to be. Instead of poring on my disappointments, vexations and sufferings, I would endeavour in this dark dismal night of trial, to praise the Lord that there is a haven of rest prepared for the weary; and to lament my sins, which make such deep sorrows necessary to my sanctification. Oh my Saviour, put out thy helping hand, and keep me from sinking in these deep waters; let the billows, instead of overwhelming me, make me cleave closer to the cross; and, Oh my compassionate Father! If it be not thy will, to grant me the prayer, which I believed thou wouldst have done, having had my heart so drawn out to pray; yet at least keep me from being overwhelmed by temptation, and from being so entirely depressed, as to be useless and worthless in that state of life to which thou hast called me. If I may not record that the Lord hath heard, and granted my request, at least enable me to know and feel, that he hath given brokenness of heart, and let me not dare, while under the frowns of his providence, to sin against him, lest a worse thing come upon me, and my soul be ruined. Lord, do thy whole will;

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teach me to do, enable me to suffer whatever thou shalt see fit, and at last give me rest from all trouble and all conflicts, in the peaceful grave, and the bosom of my Saviour. Lord, search my heart and try my reins; deliver me from every evil way, and lead me to life everlasting.

Thou art God Almighty; I will act faith upon thine omnipotence; I believe, that in spite of all the difficulties which appear to me, thou canst do that which I require of thee; I believe also, thou wilt, if it be right and proper, and in every case, I desire to lie down in the dust before thee.

June 5th. Lord, have mercy on me a poor tempest tossed wretch, groaning under the burden of sin, and held in bondage by sorrow. Oh, thou good physician, heal my soul; compose my spirit; pardon my sins; hear my prayer; but, above all things, give me the spirit of sanctification; a desire to improve by every providence that besets me; and a mind at all times and in all things resigned to thy will. With thee, O God, is all power and wisdom; I am all impotence and folly. Be pleased, therefore, O my God, to order all my affairs for me, and to be a very present help to me in this time of need. Give me a sound judgment, that good understanding which belongs to all them who fear the name and do thy commandments. Be thou

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praised, O my God, for past favours; and let them be sweet encouragements to me, still to wait upon my God; and to cast all my cares upon him; in the greatest agonies of my spirit, great is the consolation I experience, in pouring out my heart before him, and seeking counsel at his hands, who giveth wisdom liberally, and upbraideth not; let this day be a day of prayer and holy waiting on thee; and let the approaching communion Sabbath, be a blessed day to me; a day in which God will draw nigh to me, as he does not unto the world; in which the death stroke may be given to my most easily besetting sin; and I may know thee to be in very truth, my reconciled Father in Christ, and be able to add another, hitherto to my past experiences. O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come. O thou, that hearest prayer, unto thee, most particularly, should those come, who have often found thee a prayer answering as well as a prayer hearing God. Lord, let the remembrance of the especial times in which I have found thee such, be as a cordial to support my drooping spirits, and revive my dying faith. I believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. I desire to renew at this time, my often broken covenant, and beseech the Lord to make me from this time forward, to the conquering of my last enemy, and bid-

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ding farewell to sin and sorrow, more closely his than ever, and to enable me to walk holily, humbly, soberly and uprightly, as becomes a professor of the Gospel of Christ.

10th. Let God be praised for all his mercies. Let his holy name be glorified for the blessings of the last Sabbath, when I was enabled to call upon him with my whole heart; and to find some consolation and support to my burdened mind in the exercise of faith and prayer. Oh, what in the present perturbation, conflict and uneasiness of my spirit, could support me, but those divine consolations which from time to time, the Lord is graciously pleased to bestow upon me. How long, O Lord, how long hast thou appointed, that I shall labour under this perplexity; Lord, not my will, but thine be done; only be pleased to give me the spirit of submission and humble waiting upon thee, that so I faint not; neither let go my confidence in thee, the God of hope. Lord, having again renewed my covenant with thee, give me a heart to enjoy the privileges of the covenant; and with holy boldness to draw near the throne of Grace, and looking up to Jesus, the great mediator of the covenant, by prayer and supplication, to make known unto thee all my requests. Lord, I spread before thee all my wants; unto thee I pour out all my complaints; be graciously pleased

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to attend to the sorrowful sighing of thy poor creature; and according to the riches of thy goodness in Christ Jesus, to perform for me, those things which I have so long and so earnestly desired of thee; and for which I am still calling upon thee by day and by night; above all things, O Lord! give me grace to walk holily; to avoid temptation; to keep in the path of duty, and of watchfulness. Hold thou me up, Lord! and so shall I be safe.

June 10th. Holy resolutions which I desire to enter into this day.

To watch more against my easily besetting sin; and frequently in the day, to ask myself what I am about in this respect.

To be more diligent in reading the word of God *with meditation.*

To have my thoughts under better government; saying frequently to them, "whence comest thou, and whither goest thou."

To watch against indolence; remembering that the Christian life is a warfare; and that the kingdom of Heaven must be taken with a holy violence, and cannot be obtained by the slothful.

To watch against extravagance and self indulgence, and to endeavour to walk more usefully than I have hitherto done.

To remember the vow which I have lately made unto the Lord; and to be looking up to

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him with a holy desire for the time when I shall be permitted with songs of thanksgiving, to pay unto the Lord this vow; and to record his mercy.

11th. Oh, wretch that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death; immediately after holy vows and godly resolutions, I have committed grievous sins, so that I am in horror, and dread, and fear lest I should sin away all God's mercy; alas, Lord! I am so vile and wretched, that I am now afraid almost even to pray; yet nothing else can do for me; Lord! I am so vile, that I am a terror to myself. Oh, my God! for the sake of Christ, have pity on me a miserable sinner. Oh, wash me in his precious blood; cleanse me from my renewed and aggravated guilt; and be pleased to give me thy Holy Spirit to enable me to be more watchful for the future. Lord! I tremble under a sense of guilt; and am so frightened at my own folly, that I am afraid of thy judgments, and seem ready to give up all for lost. Lord! have mercy upon me, a most miserable sinner; and pardon me, I earnestly beseech thee; purify my sin defiled and spotted soul; save me from despair; enter not into judgment with me, for I can hardly abide the condemnation of my own conscience; Oh, how much less the severity of thy justice. Suffer me not, O Lord! to go on in any course of

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sin; and let this renewed experience of my wretchedness and weakness, make me seek more earnestly for that grace by which alone I can be kept from falling into the greatest sins here, and into the depths of Hell hereafter.

21st. Dr. Keith's text. Prov. viii. 32. "Now, therefore, hearken unto me, O ye children; for blessed are they that keep my ways." To hearken to Christ, includes attending to his providences; attending to his precepts; worshipping him with the heart; by an open profession; by a suitable conversation; the blessedness of keeping his ways; peace and joy in believing God's comfortable presence with them through life and at death, with a joyful eternity; serious address to sinners, and to professors. Dr. Hollinshead's text. Luke viii. and 18. Take heed, therefore, how ye hear. This duty includes a constant attendance on the means of hearing; with preparation of the mind before hearing. We should hear with meditation, with prayer, with profession, and with an endeavour to bring forth fruits answerable to our advantages; arguments for this careful attention; when faithfully administered it is the word of God, and we must give an account to God for our improvement or misimprovement of gospel opportunities; ad-

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dress to the young on the advantages of early religion.

22nd. Monday. My mind is at present and has for some days been in a state of awful conflict. I am waiting upon God for a mercy which I have sought so long and so earnestly, that I cannot but think God has drawn me to pray for it. By the morning dawn, in the watches of the night, at noonday, and at evening tide, I am still at the throne of grace; besides, many a thought sent thither in the course of every hour, while at the necessary avocations of my situation. Now the promises of God; his merciful manifestations; his tokens for good make me hope and rejoice; again, my sins plunge me into despair, and I am weary, faint and comfortless; in the present moment my heart fainteth within me, and my spirit is exceedingly troubled. Succour me. O Lord! succour me, for I greatly need thine aid. Behold a humble broken hearted supplicant acknowledging herself unworthy of the very crumbs of thy mercy; yet trusting in thee for extraordinary displays of mercy. Send thy reviving grace, for I am perplexed. Oh, my God! keep me from sinful murmurings and distrust; make me patient in tribulation; and carry on within me the work of sanctification. Lord! be pleased to grant me the desire of my heart, which I mean to

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ask with a holy, not a sinful impatient importunity; and my soul shall praise thee with joyful lips.

26th. Prepare me, O Lord! for all events that may be before me, whether comfortable or adverse. I am in great darkness; be pleased to enlighten me. I lack wisdom; Oh, thou who upbraidest not, be pleased to give liberally, and according to my great necessity. Be thou my counsellor by day, and my instructor by night; give me that blessed knowledge which comes from thy teaching; let me sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn his will; learn to know it, learn to do, and learn to bear it. Wonderful have been thy dealings with me for some time past. Thou hast answered prayer; but Oh, in how different a manner from what I expected; nevertheless, there has been such astonishing admixtures of mercy with judgment, that I can only love, admire and praise. While thou hast punished mine iniquities, and by thy very methods of granting my request, brought my sin to remembrance, and made my flesh tremble for fear of judgments; thou hast given me faith; held up my goings, and made my soul rejoice in thy salvation; and now Lord! what shall I say; I desire to notice thy providences; to bless thee for thy mercy of yesterday, when so great a burden was taken from my mind; and I will hope that thy goodness

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will speedily put an end to the remaining troubles under which I labour, and do all that for me, which my soul could expect from such extraordinary beginnings of favour, and which it never could have prayed for so earnestly, if thou hadst not enabled me. Answer me, O my God! in mercy and not in judgment; and let me not lose thy blessings, either from not asking, or from asking amiss. Oh thou great searcher of hearts, known unto thee are all my thoughts; send out thy light and thy truth; and let them teach me; and make all my thoughts all my desires, and all my prayers, such as thou wilt graciously approve; accept and answer for the sake of Christ Jesus, that great mediator between God and man, in and through whom alone, I have any confidence in drawing nigh to thee.

29th. Oh, careless, wretched, sinful creature; Lord, let not iniquity prevail; save me or I perish.

July 3d. Desiring to redeem time for sacramental preparation. Much exercised about sins committed since the last month; and my heart very low; when, on serious examination, I find that I have fallen again and again into sins repented of, suffered for and solemnly covenanted against; so that I am ready to say, I shall one day fall by the hands of this mine enemy; nevertheless, I think

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and hope that sin becomes every day a greater burden to me; that I am never at rest in the commission of it, and that I am more than usually afraid of its indwelling power, and cannot pass even a few hours without looking to Jesus, and longing for pardon and sanctification; yet alas, alas; this is not where I ought to be. I have been many years a professor; God has been wonderfully gracious both in spiritual and temporal affairs; and instead of having just life enough to be grieved at sin, and desirous of holiness, I ought to have made great advances in sanctification, and to have been eminently pious, instead of being saved as it were by fire. I ought to be able to say, "I have fought the good fight." Lord! be thou pleased to pardon all my deficiencies; to fill me with grace, and to enable me very much to improve at this time. Oh, meet me this day in thy courts; may I be filled with the spirit of prayer, and have my heart very much disengaged from this world. I desire at this time particularly to notice God's providential dealings with me; more especially some remarkable incidents which have happened to me within three years; to glorify God for his judgments, and to rejoice in the manifestations of his mercy. I have lately received some especial favours, which I desire gratefully to remember, and to show forth my

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thanksgivings with my lips and by my life; with respect to some other concerns, God is leading me by a way that I know not; but I am persuaded it will be the right way; yea, I cannot but think that having done so much for me, so unexpectedly so compassionately, he will fulfill ere long all my desire, and make me to know that he is a wonder working God. Oh, that this may be a day of great devotion with me; may God bless the minister who is to preach, and provide for every seeking soul, that which shall be most suitable for it.

July 5th. Dr. Keith's text. Isaiah xlv. 24. "Surely shall one say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength." Reviving words to souls ready to sink in despondency under a remembrance of past sins, and consciousness of present weakness. Christ is this Lord, in whom we have this righteousness, and this strength. Our righteousness as bearing what we had deserved, standing between offended God and offending man. He saves us not only from the guilt, but the power of sin; he gives us strength for all our work, and all our warfare; the christian life is a constant warring; a life of diligence, activity, self-denial, resistance of temptations, corruptions, evil inclinations, which we could never accomplish in our own strength; ad-

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dress to the unconverted, to seeking souls, professed disciples.

12th. Dr. Keith's text. Psalm lxv. 12. "Thy vows are upon me, O God! I will render praises unto thee." Vows of dedication of property or persons allowable under the Gospel as well as under the law, having never been forbidden; but this was not the point of view in which he meant to treat the subject; but of that religious acknowledgment of God to be our Lord, and dedication of ourselves to be his people, which was the duty of every one. Particular seasons suitable for the making and renewing such vows; times of dedicating ourselves or our children by baptism; and of coming to the table of the Lord; times of special affliction; example of Jacob when he left his father's house to go into a strange land; times of especial mercy and deliverance; example of David, when he penned the 116th. Psalm; exhortation to those who have already taken the vows of the Lord upon them in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper; to those who keep back from a dread of giving up the world and being bound to walk more strictly; to those who keep back from a fear of not performing their vows, and of falling off. The first are in an awful state, the latter have every thing to encourage; exhortation to all; for all have in some degree the vows

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of the Lord upon them. Who, but at some period of their lives, in some time of awful affliction, some threatened stroke upon their property, their reputation, their dearest relations, have called upon God, and promised to devote themselves to him, if he would but help them. Who but in some threatening danger by sea or by land; some severe fit of illness; some sore pressure of mind or body, have, at some period of their lives, in some way or other, taken the vows of the Lord upon them; nay, every day's mercy calls every day for gratitude; and, above all, the gift of God's Son, and the offers of salvation, particularly bind us to it. A very excellent sermon, and most particularly suited to the state of my mind. I desired and attempted in the evening to take a survey of God's mercies to me, both spiritual and temporal. Of my many broken vows; to beseech of Christ to undertake for me, from a sense of mine own inability to keep holy resolutions; with holy shame and indignation did I complain to my God of the prevalence of my easily besetting sin, in spite of all the vows I had made against it; most earnestly did I pray to God to take me then; to remove me that very night, rather than I should live to be the bond slave of corruption, or that this iniquity should be my ruin.

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I desired to renew a vow, which I made some time ago to the Lord; namely, if the Lord would grant me a certain favour, which I have for some time desired of him, (I hope according to his will, because I have been most wonderfully drawn to pray on the subject; and when my heart was bursting with grief, I have felt such inward consolations, and received such tokens for good as could only come from God,) which favour I also desire of him, as far as I can know myself, with sincere resignation and wishes to submit to his will, if he should be pleased to disappoint me; the vow I have made, and made in the anguish of my soul, is this; if the Lord shall be graciously pleased to perform this thing for me, I will keep two days of thanksgiving in every year, so long as I shall live; on each day giving to the poor, and endeavouring to find out some proper object, thirty dollars. Lord! all my goods are nothing worth; and all my life ought to be thine, whether thou grantest or whether thou withholdest; but I desire to do this, if thou shalt give me the opportunity, as an expression of gratitude; a bind upon my own heart to remember the Lord's mercy; and a means of drawing my heart nearer to thee. In addition to this, I desire to keep two days of humiliation in every year on set days; to sit mournfully before the Lord of Hosts, and to

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humble myself for those sins, which have been as a separating cloud between God and my soul, and may have been the means of keeping me so long in a state of darkness, perplexity, and anxiety, known only to my poor sorrowful heart, and to the Maker of my frame. Lord! have mercy on me, a most miserable sinner; and make every path of duty plain and straight before my feet. What time I am afraid, I will call upon God; even upon God, that performeth all things for his people; O may I be one of them.

19th. Dr. Keith's text. Psalm, lxxvii. 7, 8, 9. "Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever; doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious; hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies."

Introduction. The frame of David's mind, when he penned this Psalm; the anxious inquiries of the people of God, whenever his dispensations to them or dealings with them do not correspond with their desires; these despairing, gloomy thoughts arise from the judgment of sense, the weakness of faith; or from taking only a superficial view of the Lord's doings; judging of things according to their present appearance, without adverting to what may be their final issue. We are permitted to be in this frame, to discover to

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us the corruption and weakness of our own hearts; for the trying and exciting our graces; and for the glory of God. When in this situation, either from the pressure of outward trial, or the anguish of spiritual distress, we should be encouraged to trust in God, and to persevere in prayer, following the example of the woman of Canaan; instead of saying, why will God so long refuse the desire of my heart; we should say, why should I not continue to wait upon God, who will assuredly grant me the spiritual blessings I ask; and even not refuse me the temporal mercies I wish for, if they be for my good. Great encouragement to parents to pray for the salvation of their children, or of any near and dear friend, who is much on their hearts. Persevering prayer can do wonders. The longer we have waited for any especial mercy, the more delightful will it be to find God performing all things for us. When God hath heard the prayer of our petition, and granted it in some measure, we should cheerfully acknowledge it, and have a new song in our mouths, even the praises of our God, saying, "Who is like unto thee, O Lord! among the Gods; who is like unto thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders."

This sermon was wonderfully suited to the state of my mind, and the situation of my af-

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fairs. I have been more than usually enlarged in prayer for our ministers the past week; and I felt this morning as if God had indeed sent me, by our valuable Dr. Keith's mouth, a word in due season; may God strengthen his hands and establish his heart, and return sevenfold into his bosom his labours of love among us. May he find God to be to him, as he described him to us this morning, by way of encouragement to prayer, the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolations; his God in covenant, who overruleth all things for the good of his people, and will make all things work together for their best advantage. O, that I could have faith and patience to wait the issue of every trial, and not to judge of the Lord's dealings by the anguish of the present moment, remembering the example of Job; for who, said Dr. Keith, could have thought what designs of mercy the Lord had for this man; had they beheld him deprived of his property, bereaved of his children, smitten in his flesh, persecuted by his enemies, censured by his friends, and even his God writing bitter things against him; and yet the latter end of this man was to be better than his beginning.

Dr. Hollinshead's text. 2 Timothy, iv. 7. "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." A retrospect of our past lives, a useful employ-

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ment, particularly proper and pleasing in the close of life, if we have the testimony of a good conscience, that we have fought the good fight; to fight the good fight, implies a life of holiness, according to the rules of the gospel; not building on any wrong foundation, or setting up decent morality in the room of christian holiness; it implies also a progression in sanctification; not to progress is to decline; to fight the good fight includes also perseverance to the end; address to those who have entered the lists; and to those who have not yet begun the warfare.

31st. My soul is exceedingly sorrowful and weary, because of sin. Oh, that I had wings, like a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest. I hoped that through grace I had walked more carefully, more warily of late, and trusted that, at this season of solemnities, I should be enabled to praise God, for having made a better progress in religion; but, alas, within a few days I have fallen off; ceased to resist with vigour the assaults of my easily besetting sin; and my soul is full of trouble and darkness; yea, my God, whom I have offended, hideth his face from me, and I am troubled. Oh Lord! have mercy upon me, and either give me power against sin, or full pardon, through Christ, for all my past offences, and a speedy entrance into that

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world, where I shall never sin. Oh Lord! I am faint and weary; I loathe and abhor myself. Oh, compassionate my case; help me by thine Almighty power, and let sin never so reign in me as that I should quietly obey it.

August 3d. Yesterday was a sacramental sabbath. In the morning I felt my heart so bowed down under a remembrance of past sins, and more especially of sins recently committed, that I was ready to set myself down as a vile hypocrite, fit only for damnation, ripe for Hell, and so utterly unworthy of eating with the children of God, that I thought I must have staid at home in sorrow, and tears, and despair; however, with a trembling, fearing, aching heart, I went; Dr. Hollinshead's sermon was a very excellent and extensively encouraging one; but, alas, I fear I have more need of having my heart broken, than of having it comforted; for truly, I am a great sinner; when I considered my broken vows, my faithless engagements; that I continue on sinning against mercy, against love; sinning at this particular time, when I am waiting on God for answers to prayer; and when every power of my soul ought to be engaged in his service; when I felt that my sins are not trifling ones, such as the weakness of human nature, or the strength of temptation might palliate; but that I am a wretch, deserving of more

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wrath, and temporal, and eternal chastisement, than any creature ever was, who had ever received one half the mercies from God that I have; I was afraid to make any more resolutions; afraid to hope that ever I should be better; and in the dread of myself, the inability which I feel to walk perfectly before my God, even for one week, the dread of being a prey to temptation, and the bond slave of corruption as long as I shall live, I could only wish that God would be graciously pleased just to save my soul from Hell; among the many mansions which are in his house to appoint for me the very lowest, and to remove me from this state of conflict, and warfare, where I am so often foiled. Oh, my Saviour! be pleased to hide me in thy bosom; I am more weak and more wicked than any thou didst ever undertake for; and if thou leave me one moment to myself, I am lost for ever. Oh, dear Saviour! heal my backslidings; bring back my wandering feet, and have pity on the poorest wretch that ever came before thee; above all things, keep me from ever being contented in any state of sin; Oh, deliver me from being contentedly guilty.

August 23d. Last Thursday a prayer society was held at Dr. Keith's. I hear there has been one for about a fortnight on Sunday evenings, at Dr. Hollinshead's. I pray

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God accompany them with his blessing for the good of souls and the revival of religion; my own mind is not yet made up about attending them; I look to God, who knows all my thoughts and all my circumstances, for direction.

September 7th. Three things I have particularly desired of the Lord at his table yesterday; 1st. That my easily besetting sin might receive its death's wound; that I may never be under its dominion; or that of any other sin; yea, rather than I should ever live in the voluntary indulgence of any sin, that it would please God to remove me from time to eternity, if I might but have the lowest seat in Heaven, where I may see his face and never sin. 2d. The thorough conversion of a very near and dear friend, with such an interference of Providence in some particular concerns of theirs as may be to me, if it be his blessed will, an evident answer to prayer. 3d. That my dear husband may be preserved from worldly entanglements, and enabled so to manage his earthly affairs, that they may never interfere with his heavenly business; and more especially, that we may rather be satisfied with a smaller portion of this world's goods, than to run the risk of being greatly involved. In pouring out my heart before God, these things were particularly on my mind; and I hope presented through my gra-

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cious Intercessor and Mediator with some degree of fervour, of hope, and of trust in God; but something also is necessary on my part, and I desire grace to be enabled to avoid the occasions of sin, more especially of the sin over which I have so much mourned, and against which I did at that time so earnestly pray. May I call myself to a daily account what indulgence I have given to this iniquity; what self denial I have exercised concerning it, and never leave watching and praying, till God has granted me some victory, or removed me from the land of conflict. For the second petition I will strive and look to Christ for help, to walk holily and uprightly, that so those who love me may see nothing in me, to hinder them from entering on a religious life. For the third, my wish is to manage my family affairs with discretion; to avoid extravagance; to make no unnecessary demands on my dear and affectionate husband, that the desire of largely supplying my wants or wishes, may not be a snare to him, to make him engage in large schemes for riches, and to this I feel particularly bound by my father's having been permitted to give us so small a portion of his fortune, compared to what he had declared to be his intention, and on the strength of which I lived less frugally in the first years after my marriage than I should have done; but who,

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O Lord! is sufficient for these things; not I; a poor, weak, wretched creature, whose daily experience is an experience of proneness to folly and backsliding. At thy feet, therefore, Oh my crucified Saviour! do I fall. Wash me in thy precious blood. Graciously grant me the pardon of my past sins, and send into my heart the Holy Ghost, the sanctifier, that those things for which I have no power, may, through help obtained from Heaven, be performed in me and by me.

Sunday, January 3d. 1796. Let me not receive especial favour of the Lord and fail, as I have too often done, to record it. My God gave me on this day such manifestations of his grace, his power, his all sufficiency, as ought never to be forgotten. Exercised with inward conflicts and with sorrow of heart, under which I have groaned for near eleven months past, and which from some peculiar circumstance have exceeded in kind and continuance, all the other sorrows of my life, without any alleviation in outward appearance, I drew near to that God, who has supported me from sinking altogether, and from time to time has granted me such refreshments of grace as have kept me from utterly fainting under the pressure of this affliction so grievous, so complicated, so inexplicable to any but him unto whom I have daily poured forth my complaint; yea, and sought him

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also, in the night season. Some additional causes of sorrow had happened to me within the last week, which had been also causes of driving me nearer to my only helper and comforter, though with much admixture of sin and unbelief on my part. I had been seeking of God, the directions of his providence, and the teachings of his good spirit with deep humiliation and with earnest desire through the whole week; with fervent supplication, again making known unto him the requests which I have so long and so often presented unto him; yet with my whole soul desiring also submission to his will in whatever way it should declare itself. On the Sabbath morning, my soul panted after God; and after conformity to him with inexpressible desire; and thus I went to the sanctuary, and there Jesus made himself indeed known unto me in the breaking of bread, and in such manifestations of his presence as I rejoice in having experienced; but I cannot describe them in any suitable manner; nevertheless I will record them to the glory of God's grace, and as memorials against my heart, should it ever be so treacherous as to forget them. Having poured forth my soul unto God, and besought him that he would either give me the desire of my heart, or bow my will entirely to his will; granting that I might in very deed and in very truth be the Lord's,

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whatever should be denied me. I felt such an annihilation of self, such a swallowing up of my will in the will of God, that my soul lay, as it were, prostrate at the foot of the cross. It lay meekly and sweetly at the feet of Jesus, saying, Lord! not my will but thine be done. Lord, let thy will be done in me, and by me, and upon me. This I know I have often said, and said sincerely; but then I have said it painfully and with conflict; but now, I said it with inexpressible sweetness of acquiescence, cheerfully giving up all to God, though in that *all* was comprehended, that for which I had been praying for many months, and believed myself praying according to the divine mind, on account of the very great drawings out of my heart to pray in the way I did, and which I could only account for as coming from God. Now thought I, what is the Lord about to do; he is either preparing me for an answer to prayer, or by some rough, though right way, to draw me nearer to himself. As yet in every respect I walk in darkness, not knowing what the will of the Lord is, excepting this, that I am assured of his loving kindness from the communion which I have had with him and with his Son Jesus. I felt in this way all the Sunday, and all Monday; on Monday evening, through Monday night, and on Tuesday morning, I felt the same resignation, yet with some degree of

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trembling, from something which had happened, expecting very soon to be called to the trial, which I had so long dreaded; but on Tuesday the will of God was in some degree manifested to me, and I received such assurance about the affair which has so long perplexed and bowed me down, that I could hardly believe what I heard; and now God, who has done so much for me, will not leave his work unfinished. No, I believe that the Almighty God, who has so far answered prayer, will perform for me the whole desire of my heart. Oh may I not forfeit the continuance of his mercies, by forgetting this season of his loving kindness; but may I feel my heart more strongly drawn than ever to the Lord; may I remember the vows I have made to him in the days of my sorrow; lament my mercy deferring sins, and walk in holiness before him all the days of my life.

June 19th. 1796. Dr. Keith's text, Psalm xlvi. 8. "Come, behold the works of the Lord. What desolations he hath made in the earth."

Dr. Hollinshead's text, Luke xiii. 2. and 3. "Suppose ye, that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

Both these sermons were on occasion of the melancholy events of the last week; a

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great fire, and both most excellently calculated to do good. Dr. Hollinshead was in a most particular manner serious, pathetic, and animated. May God bless the pious labours of our good ministers, and their constant attention to seize every opportunity, when the hearts of their hearers are most likely to be impressible, to do the work of the Lord, and preach his word with fidelity and zeal.

August 23d. Eleanor and myself taken with the fever. I had it moderately, but our dear Eleanor was like to die; she was brought low, indeed, and our hearts were filled with anguish on her account; but it pleased God to give efficacy to the means used for her recovery; a fourth bleeding, more copious than three preceding ones, seemed to relieve some of the most distressing and alarming symptoms she laboured under. I did not hide her danger from her, and have since repeatedly urged to her the propriety of devoting to God the life which he redeemed from the grave. Gracious God, enable me not only to teach her, but also to walk unblameably before her, that my precepts and example may be in unison; and may she and all our dear children be the Lord's in deed and in truth.

September 18th. At five in the morning, Mrs. Keith died; she was a very good woman; lived a religious life; and, as far as the violence of her disorder would permit,

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appeared to bear her testimony to what she had experienced of the truths and comforts of religion to the last.

18th. In the morning Dr. Keith preached to a large congregation a very excellent and moving sermon, from John xiv. 27. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

January 29th. 1797. I no longer note the texts, because my eldest daughter does, which I think a good means of fixing the Scriptures in her memory.

November 29th. 1797. Since the death of my dear little Jane, which happened the last day of July, after two months of anxiety and suspense, I have been in great weakness of body, and sadness of mind. During the last three weeks of her sickness, I was deeply exercised in soul. Some very especial sins and failures in duty, were set home on my conscience, and in her sickness I felt the rod due to my departures from God, and the unevenness of my walk. I endeavoured to seek the Lord, by deep contrition, confession of sin, repentance, faith, and prayer. I sought the Lord by day, and spent almost every hour of the night, that I could spare from nursing, prostrate before him, taking hardly any bodily rest. I thought if the life of the child

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should be granted me, it would be an evidence, that the Lord, for Christ's sake, had forgiven me those things, which with so many tears, and with such brokenness of spirit, I had bewailed before him; and there were appearances of her recovery; but, alas, how vain were my hopes. My child was taken, and I was plunged into the double sorrow of losing a most cherished and beloved infant, and of feeling the stroke, as a hiding of the Lord's face, and a refusal to be entreated by so great a sinner. Lord! I desire to be humbled, and to acknowledge thy rightful sovereignty over me and mine; to lay my hand upon my mouth and my mouth in the dust before thee, and to say, Righteous art thou, O Lord! in all thy ways, and just in all thy judgments. Any thing that is not Hell, is too good for me; and, therefore, I desire not only to submit, but to admire the grace that leaves me untouched in any part. From the death of this baby, to the present hour, my body has been in a state of great weakness; and with regard to the soul, I have walked in darkness. My will is brought into humble submission to the divine will, but I have had none of those sensible manifestations of the divine presence and consolations of the spirit, which, at some seasons of affliction, have enabled me, not only to bow before the Lord, but even to rejoice in tribulation. Other

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trials, of a temporal nature, I have also undergone at this time, and even now many things seem to be going against me; yet I would endeavour to hope in the Lord, and to stay myself upon the rock of Israel. Make me, O Lord! a true saint, that I may fly with confidence to the refuge of thy saints. Hold thou up my goings, that my feet may not slip, and hide me under the shadow of thy wings till these calamities be overpast. I desire, O Lord! to devote myself to thee, to beseech thee to be my covenant God and Father in Christ. Enable me, O my God! to walk as under the bonds of the covenant, and in all times of trouble and sorrow to take hold of covenant consolations, and to remember that all shall work for good to those who trust in thee. Help me to look back to past experiences; to call to mind thy former answers to prayer; and to trust that thou, who hast helped me hitherto, wilt not now forsake me. Support me under the late denials of answer to prayer. Show me any unrepented sin; discover to me any indulged or hidden iniquity, which may have provoked thee to hide thy face from me; and give me that true repentance, which consisteth, not only in confessing, but in forsaking sin. Lord! thou knowest my present wants and necessities; the burdens of my spirit, and every inward grief. I desire to be careful for nothing, but

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in every thing by prayer and supplication to make known my requests unto thee. Grant or refuse what I imagine I want, as thou, O Lord, shalt see fit; only grant that, at all times and in all seasons, I may walk as becometh a true christian. O thou merciful High Priest, who art touched with a tender compassion for our infirmities; thou who makest intercession without ceasing for thy redeemed ones, look upon me in this time of trouble. Thou knowest my groanings, and my sighs and tears are not hid from thee. Hear me, from Heaven, thy dwelling place, and when thou hearest, have mercy. Suffer, O Lord! no trial to befal me, from which thou wilt not make me a way to escape, and make me know by renewed experience, if it be thy blessed will, that nothing is too hard for the Lord; that his ear is not heavy that it cannot hear; nor his hand shortened that it cannot save. Make me to dread every sin, which might be as a separating wall between my God and my soul. Oh, my God! if it be thy will, remove the pressure under which I labour, or give me that thorough resignation of mind, which it becometh the creature to exercise toward its Creator.

Oh Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I give myself up to thee, to be, and to do, and to bear whatever thou shalt see fit for me during my journey through life. Renouncing all

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self government, I desire to have my will swallowed up in the divine will, and to submit myself to the rightful authority and the merciful disposal of the majesty of Heaven, supremely desiring nothing but salvation for me and mine, and persuaded that God will order all things better for me than I could for myself. Yet since, O Lord! thou dost not only permit but encourage us to come nigh to thy throne of grace, and to spread our wants before thee, permit a poor worm to claim this privilege, and to relieve her sorrows by pouring them out before thee, and beseeching the interference of thy mercy in her present concerns. Doth God care for sparrows, and will he not care for his people? Thou dost care, O Lord! and my faith and hope are in thee, that now, even now, O my God! thou wilt show that, though for some months past thou hast appeared to hide thy face from me, to reject me, and cover thyself as with a thick cloud, on account of my transgressions, thou wilt no longer break thy bruised reed, but that for me, even me, most unworthy, there shall be a gracious revival, a merciful and providential lifting up.

Shall not the Judge of the whole earth do right. O yes, he will. Shall not he, who freely gave his own Son for us, deal kindly by his redeemed ones. Oh yes, he will. Be not, therefore, cast down, Oh my soul, neither be

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thou disquieted within me, for I shall yet praise him who is the light of my countenance and my God; yea, I will even now praise him, for whether he gives or takes, he is still my God; and seeing the whole, while I see only in part, will always do better for me than I could for myself.

Resolutions made at this time.

To watch against my easily besetting sin.

To read the word of God with more meditation.

To lift up my heart to the Lord, whenever I awake in the night.

To encourage religious conversation in the family on all fit occasions, particularly with my beloved Miss Futerell.

To be more watchful and earnest in inward and ejaculatory prayer.

To be much in prayer for my dear husband, and to endeavour, to be to him a useful as well as a loving wife.

To endeavour to see the hand of God in every thing, and to undertake nothing without a dependance on, and a seeking of his blessing.

Not to let a spirit of indolence get the better of me in the education of my children; and in this matter, may God most especially help me; for I find when any thing presses much on my mind, I am very apt to be listless and inactive in the duty which I owe them.

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February 3, 1799. So far as I know my own heart, I think I desire resignation to the divine will, more than I desire any earthly good. I have some temporal affairs pressing on my mind, and am hanging on Providence for the events of the two ensuing days. Yet I trust, that a desire to live to God, and to grow in grace, are still greater anxieties with me, than any worldly concerns; yet the Lord, who knoweth our frames, and considereth of what we are made, and is well acquainted with our different temperaments and constitutions, sees that I am not wholly devoid of agitation; but I trust, he also sees that it is of that chastened kind, and in that degree not, inconsistent with sincere piety, and trust in himself. Indeed I hope I may even say that I feel holy joy in God, and a thorough conviction that he will do all things well. Hitherto he hath helped me, and he will not now forsake me. He hath cared for my soul, he will not be unmindful of my lesser concerns. He hath prepared my heart to pray, he will surely hear my cry. I am so ignorant, even of what would be good for me, that it is my glory to put my trust in his wisdom; so weak that I rejoice in his power; so blind that I am thankful to be guided by him. If he chooses to grant that which I desire, to his praise shall it be recorded. If he withhold it, still I will joy in my God, and be satisfied that it is just as

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it should be; only, O Lord! while the suspense lasts, be pleased to keep me from unprofitable dejections; to preserve me in an evenness of mind and cheerfulness of temper, becoming a christian, and worthy a follower of the Lamb. Bless my very dear husband; point out to him the path of duty; make all his way plain; bring him through these worldly perplexities; make me a comfort and blessing to him and to his children, while my life is prolonged; and so help him in his difficulties and trials, that he may say, this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Oh Lord! I commit all to thee; thou knowest my groanings; thou seest my heart; my trust is in thee; my case is cast upon thee. I will hide me under the shadow of thy wings, until these calamities be overpast. Thy mercy hath been often experienced, it will not now fail me. What time I am afraid, I will call upon thee. In God is my trust; in his hands are the hearts of all men. I will not then fear what man can do. May he enable us to be just and upright to all, and not permit any to oppress and be hard to us.

March 14, 1801. Oh, my God, I desire this day, not only solemnly to renew my covenant with thee, that covenant which has so long been all my salvation and all my de-

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sire; but also to open my heart to those consolations which it affords, and particularly at this time, as having all my concerns for time and for eternity in thine hands; and to look up to thee for that direction which my circumstances require, and which none but thou canst suitably give. As it is a time of perplexity and difficulty with me, let it be also a time of faith and prayer. Known unto thee, O God! are all my ways, and unto thee do I commit them. Let thy Providence protect me; let thy good spirit guide me, that in the issue of these events, I may see cause to admire thy grace and goodness, and to add another Ebenezer to my past sweet experiences of thy fatherly care and overruling wisdom; and to chide my heart, that it should ever, for a moment, doubt thy compassions, or despond under thy merciful chastisements. Bless, O bless my dear husband; give him the light and direction which he needs; be thou his strong tower of defence in every time of trouble; enable me to be a comfort to him, during our joint pilgrimage on earth, and give us finally to be made partakers of those eternal joys, in the hopes of which our light and momentary afflictions, by thy supporting grace, may be calmly and steadily borne, so long as thou shalt see meet to continue them. Oh Lord, who givest lib-

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erally to those who ask, and that without upbraiding, give us the wisdom, prudence, and discretion so especially necessary to us in our present affairs. Help thou us, and so shall we be helped; leave us not, neither forsake us, for in thee is our trust.

March 5, 1802. On looking into this book, I see it is near a twelvemonth since I have noted in writing, any of the Lord's dealings with me; yet surely my heart, with grateful remembrance, looks back on many trials gone through; on many mercies received. In all the perplexities of our situation, how good has God been, not only to hold our souls in life, but to give the enjoyment of vigorous health to my dear husband and family, that we have neither had the additional expenses nor the additional anxieties of sickness to our other cares; and in the midst of cares, how graciously have I been supported and assisted. In times of greatest need, how has God helped! He has first, by his grace, helped me to a contented and cheerful mind, and then by his providence wonderfully supplied my returning wants. When I have hardly known how to turn under outward pressure and difficulty, and when all human refuge seemed to fail me, the Lord has shewn that he cared for me, and enabled me to pour forth tears of thanksgiving, after my tears of supplication. Nor will he now leave and forsake me.

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My faith and hope in him, are grounded on his own precious words of promise, and my sweet and long experience of their truth. My God has not taken care of me so long to leave me to perish at last, either by my own folly, or by the hands of others. He will humble, because it is for our good; but in due time, he will lift me up again. Yesterday I was full of thought and care. No provisions in the house; sundry little domestic debts of absolute necessity to be paid. My dear friend and husband full of business in the way of his profession, but no money coming in. I was reading the Bible; my mind wandered to the state of my finances; and I thought with my house full of dear children, what am I to do; I answered to myself, put your trust in God, try to make out, by some exertion of your own. without perplexing your dear husband; and even if some sharp pinching should be before you, be satisfied to bear it; it will be for the good of your soul. What do you read your Bible for, but to fetch from it instruction and consolation, suited to all your circumstances. Presently my husband called me and gave me a sum more than sufficient for the immediate wants of the day, and the payment of those domestic debts, which lay heavy on my mind; saying, at the same time, "this money has come from a most unexpected quarter; indeed from a man who had even

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said he would not pay; and now at this early hour of the morning, when I was not thinking of it, he has brought this money." And now let an infidel call this a lucky chance, if, when he had no money to provide for a large family, an unexpected supply should come to his hands; but let me fall down and worship before the Lord, and say, Oh thou! that hearest and answerest prayer, unto thee, in every necessity of soul and body, will I come. This is but one instance of manifold interventions of Providence which I have experienced, and which, although, not written down in books, are deeply engraven on my heart, and treasured up in my memory; and, Oh thou, who hast been pleased to provide necessary food for my family, vouchsafe also, to feed our souls with the bread of life. I trust to sit down tomorrow at thy table. Oh give the meat which endureth unto everlasting life; enable me to feed by faith in my heart on the precious body and blood of my dear Redeemer, the purchaser of every mercy, spiritual and temporal. Be also with my dear husband, on this sweet and solemn occasion; be with my dear Miss Futerell; and, although absent in body, may she have spiritual communion with her dear Saviour, and with his people. Be with my dear children, dispose their young hearts to receive divine truth, and may they, by thy restraining prov-

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idence, and by an early conversion, be saved from youthful follies, and made pillars in the temple of our God.

June 1, 1803. Some sore disappointments have happened to us in temporal matters within a fortnight past, and from quarters most unexpected, especially by my dear husband; but what then; is the Lord's hand at all shortened, that it cannot save, or his ear heavy, that it cannot hear? Oh no. Be pleased, Oh our gracious God! to keep us from separating sins, and to enable us, by humble prayer and faith, to make our supplications known unto thee; and then, though every door on earth should appear to be shut, thou wilt open the very windows of Heaven in our behalf, and pour down blessings in such measure and manner on us, as shall be most for our good and thy glory. Lord, thou knowest how mournfully I am now sitting before thee; but O! let not earthly anxieties eat out the heart of spiritual duties; let not my poor soul starve, but feed me with the bread of life, however pinched, however perplexed, however hedged up and uneasy my ways may be in other matters. Oh my Heavenly Father! my past experience teaches me to rely on thee. Thou wilt clear up this darkness. thou wilt dissipate this providential cloud, and enable me to say again, the Lord hath helped me. Oh, give me re-

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signation and humility to wait thy time, and be satisfied with thy way. Oh help to maintain a cheerful conversation before my dear husband, that I may be a help and no hinderance to him.

Lord, hear and help thy poor afflicted, bowed down and tempest tost servant, and make all these things work for good to my poor soul.

June 5, 1803. Lord, how shall I praise thee; wherewithal shall I come before God, the God of my mercies. My soul is filled with thankfulness, and my mouth with praise. Oh now let my life be holiness, and let me remember the vows of the Lord, which are upon me in the day; when I cried unto thee, thou heardest me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul. When my spirit was bowed down under the pressure of worldly affliction, thou hast supported me, thou hast enabled me to cast all my care on thee, and thou hast relieved that care; in the hour of extremity thou hast appeared for us, and when our way seemed hedged up with difficulties, thou hast manifested thy gracious Providence, and made us to receive, as an especial answer to prayer, what, under other circumstances, our thoughtless hearts might have received as an occurrence in the common course of things. Let this favour never be obliterated from my heart; let me

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record it to thy glory and my comfort; and when I look back on my last writing, and on this let me feel; truly God is good to Israel, and let me most earnestly desire to be upright in heart. Lord, go on to help us; to help my dear husband. Have we not only received earthly good at thy hands, but have our souls also, been fed with the bread of life, and our hearts made joyful with the cup of salvation. Oh that in the strength of such provision, we may go on our way with diligence and alacrity; and seek to grow in grace, and to have our conversation as becometh the gospel of Christ.

September 25, 1805. Pressed by care, surrounded by difficulties, and in sore perplexity from some domestic circumstances, I come to thee, O my God, who hast commanded us to cast all our care on thee, and to draw nigh to thee in every time of trial. To thee, O my Heavenly Father! have I long since devoted myself, and I now desire to renew the dedication. To call thee my Father and to be submissive; to call Christ my Saviour, and trust in his mercy; the Holy Spirit my comforter, and to rejoice in his consolations. Lord, thou knowest all my desire, and my groaning is not hid from thee. Oh let my sorrowful sighing come before thee, and hear thou the prayer of the afflicted. In every event, O Lord, make me to remember that I

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have sworn, and that I cannot go back, and that having chosen the Lord for my portion, and desired him above earthly good, I must be satisfied with all that he appoints, and never murmur at what his will permits. Only, Lord, do thou be pleased to bear me up, for I have no strength to be resigned, except thou give it me; therefore, I look up unto thee for that calmness and submission, which I desire to feel under every trying circumstance. Dark as my situation now seems, thou hast but to say, "Let there be light," and there shall be light. Since it was not beneath thy condescension to create me, to save me, and hitherto to preserve me, it will not be beneath thy condescension, now to help me according to my necessities; thou wilt either send relief, or give grace to bear. Oh, give me humility to suffer what thou shalt appoint, and wisdom to know how to act according to the necessity of my situation. Let thy Spirit teach me; let thy Providence assist me, make me to know the path of duty, and diligently to walk in it; suffer me not to grope about in darkness, nor to be a prey to the restlessness of my own spirit; but give me some gracious directions to point out to me the right way of duty, and of safety. Oh Lord, help me, for I am very weak; and my only hope and trust is in thee.

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November 1, 1805. "Be still and know that I am God." I desire, O Lord! to be still, and to know that thou art God; so to know it as to be quiet before thee, and even to preserve a holy cheerfulness, seeing the same word which proclaims thy sovereignty, and commands our submission, says also, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble;" and surely I have often found thee so; and now although my worldly concerns be not so as nature could desire, and every outward aspect is gloomy and cheerless; yet let this be all my salvation, all my desire, all my comfort, that there is a covenant well ordered, and sure; the God of the covenant an unchanging God. I therefore come, and bring my burdens to the foot of the cross. He who died for me, will never leave nor forsake me; and in every event will order matters so as shall be best for my soul's salvation, which is always the greatest concern. In temporal things, what time I am afraid, I will trust in him; I will make known to him by prayer and supplication, my requests, with thanksgiving for past mercies, and a holy confidence for what is to come. I am now preparing to draw near to his holy table in a few days. Let not earth keep out heaven; let not spiritual duties be cramped or spiritual joys hindered by anxious cares for this world. Fed by the bread of

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life, let me be strong to run my race of duty, or of suffering; and drinking of the wine of heavenly consolation, let my sorrowful spirit be comforted, and all my concerns be trusted with him, to whom with joy and confidence I have trusted my soul. The Lord can clear the darkest skies; nothing is too hard for Omnipotence. Perplexed as my dear husband's affairs seem; humble and painful as seem my own; let the Lord but speak, and he shall be relieved; let him but order, and I shall be succoured. Do I know God to be so able, do I trust in him as my God, and shall I not be satisfied that his will will concur with his power, if it be right for us. I desire to be so. Pardon, O Lord! my sinful reluctances to bear the cross; and whenever my spirit is disposed to rebel, or murmur, give me such a view of my Hell deserving sins as shall keep me very humble, and strike me into a holy silence before thee. Lord, I leave my wants and my desires with thee, and in my present great trials more cut off from outward comfort than I have ever been before, I desire to draw the nearer to thee, the all sufficient God.

November 2, 1805. "For I will remember mine iniquity, I will be sorry for my sin." Forsake me not, O Lord, my God, be not far from me; "give ear unto my cry, and hold not thy peace at my tears." Our worldly

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affairs are very much perplexed. My dear husband is pressed by creditors, and disappointed by debtors. All these things pressing upon feelings, naturally irritable, and meeting with a constitution much enfeebled, make it very necessary, and very comfortable for me to draw near to God, the friend of the friendless, the hearer of prayer, the helper of the distressed. I desire at this time to draw near to him in a penitential confession of sin, and to have sin brought to my remembrance. This I hope will be one means of mitigating suffering; for now, Lord, after all that is come upon me, "this is less than my iniquities deserve;" will keep down repining, and especially by considering that these chastisements may be the very means by which my Heavenly Father sees fit to keep me in "the right way." Lord, I call upon thee for help in my outward trials; but I desire earnestly, to seek deliverance from sin. Lord, help me to provide for my children. help me to teach them the way of salvation. and give them grace to seek it for themselves, and to devote themselves to God in early life. If thou permit me, Lord, to draw near to thy holy table tomorrow, I will carry with me my outward burdens, sorrows, and wants; I will cast them at thy feet. I will pray thee to support me under them; to give me some suitable and con-

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venient relief from them, and say, "thou who feedest me with thy flesh, and cheerest me with the wine of the covenant, wilt not refuse for me, and my household, what shall be needful for us." I will also carry the heavy load of my sins; I will say, here Lord, is the cause of my sorrow, here was the cause of thy suffering. Oh thou, who hast carried our sorrows, and borne our iniquities, deliver me from this burden. Pardon the follies of my youth; the sins of my riper years; the hourly transgressions of my life. Let me never complain of the burden of suffering, while I remember my multiplied iniquities, but rather wonder at the Lord's grace, and long suffering, and admire his goodness, who by the chastisement of his love is driving me to Heaven, when by the strokes of his wrath, he might long since have driven me to Hell.

November 24. I have been endeavouring, for some time past, to walk in penitential humility before God; and as it is a day of adversity with me to make a suitable improvement of it, by making it also a time to consider. Blessed be God, that it has been with me a good time; a time in which I have found it good for me to draw near to my God by contrition; for I trust he hath drawn near to me in a way of mercy; supported me in outward trials; and given me strong desires

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after holiness. He hath also shown me providential favours, and from day to day supplied our returning wants, and smoothed some of my outward difficulties. My soul desires to praise him for the past; to be satisfied for the present; and to trust him for the future. He will not leave me, nor forsake me. I am filled with self reproach, that having God for my Father, I should ever give way to gloomy apprehensions. Lord, I commit all to thee; thou knowest my spiritual necessities; thou knowest my outward pressures. I desire to be still, and trust in thee, my ever present help in time of need; and with myself I commit to thee, at this time, those for whom I am particularly interested. Help my dear husband. Bless my dear children, present and absent, and others whom I desire now particularly to intercede for. Bless our ministers, and reward them for their faithful labours. May Dr. Keith enjoy the consolations with which he endeavoured to comfort mourners on the past sabbath. Help me at all times to trust in thee, and all times to praise thee; and help me every day to do the business of the day, according to my best ability; and supply me by thy mercy with that measure of knowledge, improvement, and strength, which may enable me to do my duty in that state of life, to which thou art pleased to call me.

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25th. Lord, whatever else I want, let me not want the joy of thy salvation; if it be thy blessed will, let not my spiritual sky be darkened. but favour me with the light of thy countenance. Under much outward trial, I have lived happily, and walked cheerfully, because thy face did shine upon me; but I feel now under some spiritual dejection, some inward darkness. Oh my Father! if it be only for trial, and to teach me my dependance upon thee, I desire to submit, and to rejoice in the very hidings of thy face; if they keep me humble, and train me up for glory; but I am afraid of sin. Search me, O Lord! and try me, and enable me to try myself. and to see if there be any allowed evil way in me, that I may resist it, and lead thou me in the way everlasting. Let no unrepented guilt; no cherished iniquity; no neglected duty cause thee to hide thy face from me, or separate between my God and me. Oh, Lord! I cannot do without *thee;* thou hast called me to do without many that I loved. I have endeavoured to bow the head, and bend the heart, and as the streams failed me, to drink deeper of the fountain. Great has been the trial, great the effort; but I have leaned upon my God. I have supported myself against his cross, who for my sake was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Strengthened by him, I have borne

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my griefs, and without flagging, done the duties of my station; but if I have not the light of God's countenance, wo is me, I am undone. Lord, I cannot do without thee. I would not do without thee. Oh have mercy upon me, and whatever else thou withholdest, withhold not thyself. Pardon my sins, and give me grace against them. Be my God, and the God of mine. Bless my dear husband, and our dear children.

None of them that trust in thee shall be desolate. Is this so; why then are my hopes faint, and my spirit cast down within me? Father and mother hast thou taken from me; the grave covers the most of those with whom I kept up much intimacy; and various providences have changed the hearts of some, who yet remain. The conflict with affliction is great; my husband is under trials and straits, which make my heart ache for him, and for myself, as tenderly feeling and sharing in all his griefs. My children, though in many respects, sources of great delight to me, cause me also much anxiety for their souls, and for their future temporal welfare. The Lord hath said by his experienced servant, "none of them that trust in thee, shall be desolate." Surely, Lord, I trust in thee, for soul and for body, for time and for eternity. Let me not then be desolate. Save me from all sinful anguish of spirit, and leave

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me not desolate. Thou wilt do all that is good for my soul. Oh let me be satisfied with whatever happens to the body; it is at present a pained body, the companion of an anxious mind; yet, Oh my God, I desire to say most sincerely, not my will, but thine be done. I trust in thee; O leave me not desolate. Help me to remember the days that are past, in which thou hast been my helper; and therefore still to shelter myself under the shadow of thy wings. Support my drooping mind. Chase away sinful anxieties. Oh leave me not desolate, for renouncing all other hopes, and all other helps, I desire to trust alone in thee, who hast ten thousand ways, by which thou canst send help; and with regard to troubled thoughts, hast but to say, peace, and they shall be still in every event, however painful to nature. Lord, thou knowest all my desire, and my groaning is not hid from thee. If this desire, and these groanings are for things which may be profitable for myself, and the persons concerned, Oh, for Christ's sake grant them; but as I am weak, and sinful, and erring, let me cry for nothing importunately but salvation. Salvation for myself, and for those who are near and dear to me as my own soul; and, Oh Lord! let the joys and the hopes of this salvation, keep thy poor servant from being desolate.

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May, 1806. "Lord, teach us to pray; and when the Lord teaches us to pray, what a delightful and holy employment is it? How is the soul supported, strengthened, comforted, by thus drawing nigh to God, with a prepared heart. Teach us, Lord, to pray; by thy grace, this shall be the prayer of faith. Teach us to pray by thy providences; this shall be the prayer of humble dependance on God, and quiet submission to all his appointments. When troubles assail us, this is the time to pray; for God has promised to answer those who call upon him in the time of trouble. Teach me then, Lord, to pray without ceasing, in the house, and by the way, at times of leisure, and in the midst of business; and having my heart softened, comforted, and quieted, by often drawing nigh to thee; in the midst of adverse circumstances, inward conflicts, and outward trials, may my soul still find its happiness in thee, and never yield to unchristian dejection or complaining.

"Ye are the lights of the world." If this is said of Christ's disciples in general, how defectively must they walk, who are not at least the light of their own families. Oh my God, give me grace so to walk before mine, as to bring no reproach, on the gospel, which I profess. Let my dear husband find in me a christian friend; my children, a faithful

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instructor, reprover, and guide; and all of my household, while they witness my imperfections, witness also my faith, my hope, my sincerity, my desire, and endeavour to walk uprightly.

Tuesday. Oh, thou who givest songs in the night, be pleased in the midst of gloomy fears, and providences of distressing aspect, to give me a holy cheerfulness in thee, and the assurance of faith, that after thus long helping, thou wilt not now leave me. Salvation is of the Lord; the salvation of the soul, and the necessary supports for the body; my trust then shall be in the Lord for both. Fulness of grace is with Christ, for the poor soul; and for the supplies of the temporal life, the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. Suffer me not, therefore, O! my God, to despair or hardly to doubt while there is liberty of access to the fountain of all sufficiency; a fountain from which my soul has often been refreshed with liberal streams, and my bodily necessities supplied in surprising times and ways. Oh, that these remembrances and a firm trust in God might keep me calm and submissive under the troubles which now assail me. Oh that the thoughts of death, which, from the many warnings I receive, ought to be always present with me might so engage my attention and desire to gird up my loins and to trim my lamp as

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to serve as a counterbalance to the anxieties which possess my soul; yet in some respects I ought to be anxious, seeing the cause of my anxiety is not so much for myself, as for those connected with me; but then I would have this anxiety, instead of drinking up my spirits, keep me near to God in prayer, for his help, to enable me to help them and to do every day with diligence the duty of the day. My Heavenly Father, my Father in Christ, I cast myself on thee, and now that I am afraid, I call upon thee.

"And be ye not of doubtful mind." These are the very words of Christ himself, and include, I think, both a command and promise. Lord give me grace to observe it as a command, and to rejoice in it as a promise; for in the keeping of thy commandments there is great reward, and thy precious promises are the sure support of mourning souls. In what trouble hast thou ever failed me? Creature comforts, earthly dependencies, have failed me; but thou hast ever been to me the faithful God; the helper of the helpless; my refuge in every new distress. Multiplied have been my distresses for some years past, and with much ado have I laboured not so to give up under the pressure of affliction as to be a dead weight to my husband, and useless to my children. Great has been God's mercy to enable me to struggle

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without repining, and with a heavy load at heart to preserve a cheerful countenance, and live an active life; now my troubles seem heavier upon me than usual, my heart more sick, my bodily strength more impaired, and now it is that I desire not to be of doubtful mind. How many times has the Lord helped, in days of great distress, and is his hand at all shortened; is his power lessened, is he not the same yesterday, to day and for ever? Be still, then, my soul, and banish doubt and unbelief. I am a poor changing creature; often returning to sin and folly, often declining from the steady path of holiness, and often from the sure and comfortable path of quiet waiting upon God; but he is the Lord, and changeth not; he abideth faithful and cannot deny himself. My trust is in his mercy, not in my deservings. Therefore with all the burden of my care I cast myself on him, with all the perturbations of a mind open to his all seeing eye. I bow at his mercy seat, and humbly trust that making known to him all my wants by prayer and supplication, not forgetting thanksgiving for support under past sufferings and resignation under present trial. The Lord will provide, not for me alone, but for those nearer and dearer to me than myself. Lord, be with my dear husband and children. Known unto thee are

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their respective tempers and necessities. Send mercy suited to each. More especially may thy converting grace be with the children, and whatever else awaits them, in this vale of tears, let their souls live before thee.

Is any thing too hard for the Lord? No; then if I am not helped in my present emergency, not the Lord's power, but his will will be the cause that I am not. Be still then, my soul; be still. He is God Almighty; and his will shall concur with his power, if it be for thy good. Lord, I am tempest tossed, agitated, turmoiled, hardly able to bear up under the heavy load of expected trial, nor could I in my own strength. I therefore turn to thee my God and Saviour, and earnestly crave thy help. Support my mind during the anxieties of suspense, and fit me for which soever way thy will shall be pleased to manifest itself. The unbelieving lord said "If the Lord would make windows in heaven might this thing be." But I know, O Lord, that if thou wilt but speak it shall be done, and this trial shall pass from me. All hearts are in thy hand; the heavens above and the earth beneath are thine. Thou hast many ways more than we can imagine, by which relief may come; and I desire to have faith in God, and to trust in his providence, to appear for me, in this time of great perplexity and painful anxiety; but I desire, O Lord, also to be

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submissive, and to bear the trial, if it must come, like a christian, and to do all I can to soften it to those about me by my gentleness, my cheerfulness, and my humility. Yet the Lord not only does not forbid, but he allows us to call upon him in the time of trouble; now, then, O Lord, I lift up my eyes, and I stretch out my hands unto thee. Open some door of hope, some door of relief. In this our time of great necessity, exercise thy forbearance and thy compassion; and although in all that we feel, and all that we fear, thou dost punish us less than our iniquities deserve, add, this, O Lord, to thy many manifestations for us in times of difficulty, that the rod which hangs over our head, may by thine interposing providence, be removed. Oh, for christian composure; Oh, for a childlike submission, a calm and humble frame, or that, at least, inward conflict may not unfit me for outward duty. Lord, I leave all with thee, and that in the name of Christ, the only way to the Father, and the only medium of mercy, whether spiritual or temporal.

May 4, 1806. The providential mercy of God did again interpose for us, and the servants whom we feared to lose, and who feared to lose us, are still in our possession, and under circumstances which give us reason to hope that they will still continue in our service, and in their comfortable situations.

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November. "I will sing unto the Lord a new song for he hath done wonderful things for me." Yesterday was a day of peculiar weakness of body with me, and my mind was also much affected. I attended the funeral of Mrs. Nowell, in whom I had considerable interest; saw my old friend, Mrs. Brailsford, in considerable suffering, and had a meeting with Mrs. Joseph Ramsay, for the first time, since the death of her two daughters.

On the evening of this day, December 21, 1806, I also received a mercy, an answer of prayer, almost next to miraculous, a sum of money exactly suited to a particular engagement I had entered into for the first of January, with more of trust in the Lord than of outward certainty about it. This sum of money coming to me so unexpectedly, with regard to the quarter from whence I received it, overcame me perhaps even more than some afflictive circumstances have done; for I felt as if I had no strength remaining in me, and as if I should faint and die from the mingled emotions of surprise, gratitude, and awe. Oh, let the Lord's name be praised, and let all that is within me bless his holy name. I have waited on the Lord, by humiliation, by fasting, by prayer, and let this instance of his goodness, added to so many others, encourage me still to wait upon him. I am in great perplexity, in many respects,

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and in many respects a woman of a sorrowful spirit; but I will cast my burden on the Lord, and trust that he will help and direct me in all my way; and particularly assist me, and give me the leadings of his providence, and the teachings of his Spirit, in what lies before me.

June 2, 1808. My dear husband, who is certainly a true believer, and a great noter of Providence, having received two dollars from a casual patient, said to me, "here are two dollars which I have just got by chance." I said, thank ye; but don't, at this time, when we are in such want of money, say that any comes by chance. He smiled with his usual kindness, and said, I only meant that I got it from a passing and not a stated patient. About two hours after he sent me up twenty dollars, just after I had been earnestly praying that the Lord from the storehouses of his mercy, would send some supply to my necessities and those of my family, which were very great, and covering the twenty dollars was the enclosed paper,* which I will keep with this note on it, to remind me of the great goodness of my God, and this his most sea-

* The enclosed paper, covering the twenty dollars referred to, contained these words;

"Twenty dollars, not sent by chance, but by God. An unexpected volunteer payment of a doubtful old debt."

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sonable answer to those prayers and supplications, which I was making before him, with thanksgiving, for past mercies and humble trust in his goodness, through my dear Saviour's merits, for the relief of my temporal wants or the supplies of his grace to keep me quiet and humble, under losses and crosses.

June 20, 1808. It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. At about ten o'clock last night, while the wind was blowing tempestuously, from a threatening thunder storm, but without rain, the cry of fire from our next neighbour's was given, and threw our whole street, but particularly our family into great consternation; the wind high, our house of wood, and joined to that where the fire was said to be. There was every thing to alarm us that there could be in a matter of that nature; from the cries and tumult so near us, and nothing left to do but to call on the God, who has so often been our helper, and to make what haste we could to save our linen, and most portable articles, before the confusion and heat would become too great. God, who is rich in mercy, has been better to us than our fears, and we remain here sheltered from inclemencies, a collected family, with every thing about us as it was before the alarm. The fire was not at Mrs. Crawley's, but at the adjoining tenement,

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which yet is under the same roof with her. From the dry situation of these wooden buildings, with their appertenances, nothing but a timely discovery, before the fire had arisen to a great height, and while the neighbourhood was yet up and awake, could, in a human point of view, have saved the three wooden houses, so nearly connected. How great then should be my gratitude, that where the wit and strength of man, in less than fifteen minutes, could have availed nothing, the mercy of our God has prevented the awful calamity, and allowed us to sleep in peace and safety, after such a threatening destruction. May the recollection of this goodness, keep my heart quiet and submissive under the various cares that, at present, torment it, and while I am excited to labour diligently in my family and station, whatever anxieties assail me, may this, and the many other gracious providences I have experienced, silence my fears, encourage my hopes, and enable me to go on, trusting in that God who at all times has cared for me, and will not now leave or forsake me.

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APPENDIX, N°. VI.

LETTERS FROM MRS. RAMSAY.*

"On Sundays I always think of you more earnestly than on other days. All that regards you regards me; but what regards your religious concerns deeply interests me. I hope, my dear child, in the midst of business or pleasure, never forgets that she is born for eternity; never omit praying to God; and if you would live safely or happily, never content yourself with the devotions of the morning or evening; but often, in the course of the day, send up the prayer of the heart to God. This may be done in company; in business; in the midst of innocent pleasure; and is a delightful exercise of the heart, and a great

* As Mrs. Ramsay did not keep copies of her letters, a selection could only be made from the originals in her domestic circle. Others who are in possession of her letters will confer a favour by furnishing the Editor with copies. The following effusions of the heart are extracted from extemporaneous letters written by her to her daughters, when only absent, for a few days, on short excursions to the country, in the vicinity of Charleston, and are without date or address. The subsequent letters being dated and addressed, speak for themselves. EDITOR.

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guard on the conduct. Oh, how happy should I be, to have you, my darling child, thus to live in the fear of the Lord all the day long."

"I suppose you will keep church at home, as it does not look weather fit for travelling. I always think of you with more than common tenderness on Sundays. I think the serious observation of the Sabbath, is not enough attended to, even among professing families; but, in other cases, it is often a day of the greatest folly, because a day of the greatest leisure. In proportion as a respect for that day, and its institutions are neglected or carelessly attended to, in the same proportion, will the religious principle decline, and the practical concerns of eternity be carelessly managed. As a parent, then, full of anxiety for my children, in every respect, but most of all for their eternal interests, I cannot but regret every Sunday, which I think they spend in a manner not the best calculated to promote those interests, and feel it my duty to warn you never to forget, that, the Sunday is not common time, and according to existing circumstances, to do all that you prudently can, not only to observe it yourself, but to make a conscience of not being ashamed of such observance."

"God bless you my dear child; may you all love your dear father; love me; love dear Miss Futerell; love one another. While the

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social affections thus fill your hearts, you will never be very bad children; but the moment you perceive yourself deficient in these sacred feelings, dread the encroachments of vice, in some form or other; make a solemn pause, and ask yourself, what am I about? Where is my conduct tending? and pray to God to guide your feet into the right way by keeping your heart from evil."

"As the eldest, I write to you, to entreat you to remember the laws of hospitality, and be kind to Mr. Montgomery,* to remember the laws of gratitude, and be assistant to your very dear and valuable friend, Miss Futerell. A great deal, my child, depends on your good example; on the observation which the younger children make; whether you curb your temper; whether you begin wisely to observe those laws of self denial, which will make you happy to yourself, and pleasant to those about you. I persuade myself I shall hear good accounts of you. If I do of you, I shall of all the rest."

"I beg you never to make any excuse for writing badly to me, because the time spent in writing the excuse would have enabled you to do better. Besides, errors excepted, you really write a pretty letter, and I delight to hear from you."

* A sick young gentleman, who came to Charleston for his health, but died at Baltimore, on his return home.
EDITOR.

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"Mrs. P. has joined the church today, and I believe another sister of Mrs. P. Happy those, who, in affliction, look to the Lord to be their comforter, and do not slight his chastisements, by renewing their pursuits after happiness in a world where it never can be found; but so far as we improve it, as a state of preparation for a better state of existence, and then its prosperities will not delude us, and its very tribulations shall give us a cause for rejoicing."

"I have felt more about P. and E. today than the rest of you. Such Sabbaths as they now are passing would, without great care, soon tend to weaken in their minds, the obligation to keep the Sabbath day holy. Such Sabbaths as you are passing would impress on your minds the necessity, when we are distant from places of public worship, for calling our families together, and beseeching God, by his presence to make our houses sanctuaries for his service."

"I felt it very solitary in church on Sunday without you. But we had excellent sermons. I did not go out any where; and not having my morning bible readers, my noonday catechumens, or my evening hymnists, I had more than usual leisure to read and pray for myself, which includes every one with you; and I tried to make a good use of it."

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"I am very much mortified at being deprived of the horse when I most want him. But what wise person ever frets, and what fool ever mended any thing by so doing. I shall comfort myself by saying, "if I do not go out, I shall do the more work at home."

"Mrs. H. is dead. These breaches in our congregations are felt by those, who know the value of religious characters; and make them earnestly pray, that others, from among our young people, may be raised up in their place, to keep up the honour and credit of religion in the world, and to set an example to those who shall come after them.

"Poor Mrs. S. is very much burnt; poor little S. scorched; but you will be shocked when you come to learn the particulars and know how near they were perishing. What a lesson never to sleep without committing our souls to God in Christ; for we can never know in which world we shall awake."

"I dont know whether you have read Robertson's America. In this doubt, I have sent to the library for Anquetil, or the first volume of Rollin, an author who, although prolix, and in some degree credulous, ought by all means to be read. I could wish you, before you proceed much farther in history, to read Priestley's Lectures on that subject, which I think you will find very useful. Bear always in mind, that he is a Socinian; for his principles tinc-

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ture every thing he writes. Profit by his science, while you lament his errors in divinity, and hang on the only hope of everlasting life set before you."

"I send Plutarch, and would have sent some other very pretty books, if it had not been for your prohibition. So —— will not write to me; I must tell him, Mr. Richardson places the writing of his three most successful and admired works, to his having been employed, when under eleven years of age, to write letters for some young ladies to their friends and admirers. I am afraid at the rate —— goes on, we shall never see a Pamela from his hand."

On the Sunday preceding the pulling down the old white meeting, to erect in its place the present circular church, an appropriate sermon was preached by Dr. Hollinshead. The circumstances of the case, were stated in a letter, from which the following extract is made; "Some foolish girls laughed at the parting sermon. Some feeling ones cried, and many of the old standards were very much affected. I was among this number; but my feelings were rather pleasurable than otherwise; for I confess the pulling down a decaying edifice, to build a more convenient and handsome one, made me think of the pulling down of the decaying body of a saint, by death, to build it up anew, without spot

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or blemish; and although Nature feels some regret at parting with our old bodies, as well as with our old churches, it is a regret chastened with a cheerful and glorious hope of a resurrection unto life eternal; but this is a very serious letter for such young correspondents; yet, I hope not more serious than their well informed mind will relish on a serious occasion."

On the departure of Miss Futerell for England. "If you don't all feel very sorrowful, I pity you; if you do all feel very sorrowful, I pity you. Yet I wish you all to be sorrowful, for it is in our circumstances a sacred duty as well as a tender feeling; and to you young ones, may be an initiatory lesson on the vanity of human life and human hopes; and teach you to set your hearts there, where true and unchanging joys are only to be found."

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EXTRACTS OF A LETTER FROM MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY, WRITTEN NINE DAYS AFTER THE DEATH OF HER FATHER, TO DR. DAVID RAMSAY, AT COLUMBIA.

Charleston, December 17, 1792.

MY VERY DEAR HUSBAND,

You have doubtless heard, by this time, that I am fatherless, and will feel for me in proportion to the great love you have always shown me, and your intimate knowledge of my frame, and the love I had for my dear departed parent. Never was stroke to an affectionate child more awful and unexpected than this has been to me. I had heard from my dear father, that he was somewhat indisposed, but not confined even to the house; however, last Tuesday and Wednesday week I was seized with so inexpressible a desire to see him, that nothing could exceed it, and nothing could satisfy it, but the going to see him. Accordingly, on Wednesday noon, very much against my family and personal convenience, I set out with faithful Tira and little Kitty, and slept that night at Mrs. Loocock's; the next morning it rained, but I could not be restrained. I proceeded to Mepkin, and arrived there at one o'clock, wet to the skin. I found my dear father indisposed, as I thought, but not ill. He con-

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versed on indifferent matters; seemed very much delighted with my presence; told me I was a pleasant child to him; and God would bless me as long as I lived; and at twenty minutes before eight o'clock, retired to rest. The next morning, at seven o'clock, I went to his bed side; he again commended my tenderness to him, and told me he had passed a wakeful night; talked to me of Kitty and of you; had been up and given out the barn door key, as usual. At eight I went to breakfast. In about ten minutes I had despatched my meal, returned to him, and thought his speech thick, and that he wavered a little in his discourse. I asked him if I might send for Dr. M'Cormick; he told me if I desired a consultation, I might; but that he had all confidence in my skill, and was better. I asked him why his breathing was laborious; he said he did not know, and almost immediately fell into his last agony; and a bitter agony it was; though, perhaps, he did not feel it. At ten o'clock, next day, I closed his venerable eyes. Oh, my dear husband, you know how I have dreaded this stroke; how I have wished first to sleep in death, and therefore you can tell the sorrows of my spirit; indeed they have been, indeed they are very great. I have been, and I am in the depths of affliction; but I have never felt one murmuring thought; I have never

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uttered one murmuring word. Who am I, a poor vile wretch, that I should oppose my will to the will of God, who is all wise and all gracious; on the contrary I have been greatly supported; and if I may but be following Christ, am willing to take up every cross, which may be necessary or profitable for me. I left Mepkin at one o'clock on Saturday. as soon as the body of my dear parent was decently laid out, and I was sufficiently composed for travelling. I know, by information, that the awful ceremony* was per-

* This refers to the burning of the body of Mr. Henry Laurens, which his daughter well knew had long been resolved upon. She had also resolved, that she would neither be a witness of the transaction, nor in the vicinity of the place where what she calls "the awful ceremony" was to be performed; and therefore, came away, very soon after the body of her father was decently laid out, and before the funeral pile was constructed. Filial duty constrains the editor to observe that this transaction has been grossly misrepresented by American authors, who ought to have known better. The Rev. Biographer of Washington, goes out of his way to mention that, when Henry Laurens, president of the first congress, came to die he said, "My flesh is too good for worms. I give it to the flames." In Kingston's new American Biographic Dictionary, printed at Baltimore, in 1810, it is asserted that "Henry Laurens directed his son to burn his body on the third day, as the sole condition of inheriting an estate of sixty thousand pounds sterling." Both these statements are incorrect. There was no forfeiture, nor any penalty whatever, annexed to the non performance of the will of Henry Laurens, relative to the burning of his body. It was simply enjoined as a duty. The motives to his determination, for having his body burnt, are also mistated. Mr. Laurens often

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formed last Tuesday. I have never been able to write till this day. Our dear children are well. Eleanor comes to my bed side, reads the Bible for me, and tells me of a heavenly country, where there is no trouble. Feeling more than ever my dependance on you for countenance, for support and kindness, and in the midst of sorrow, not forgetting to thank God that I have so valuable, so kind, and so tender a friend;

I remain, my dear husband,
Your obliged and grateful wife,
MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY.

spoke of his preferring the incineration of the dead to their inhumation. His reasons were a belief that several persons were buried before they were irrecoverably dead. This opinion was perhaps strongly impressed on his mind from what happened to his own daughter, the subject of these memoirs, as related in the beginning of this work. He dreaded, as infinitely worse than certain death, the possibility of life returning to him when shut up in a box in the cold ground, so far below its surface as to be out of the reach of all human help. He also, consistently with scripture, entertained high ideas of the purifying nature of fire, as separating all dross and defilement from the substances to which it was applied. "And I will bring the third part through *the fire*, and will *refine* them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried." Zechariah, xiii. 9. "He is like *a refiner's fire*, and like fuller's soap." Malachi iii. 3. EDITOR.

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EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY MRS. RAMSAY TO MRS. KEITH, WHEN TRAVELLING IN THE NORTHERN STATES WITH HER HUSBAND, THE REV. DR. KEITH.

Charleston, September 3, 1808.

MY DEAR MRS. KEITH.

As my letter is only meant to express the feelings of my heart for Dr. Keith and yourself, I request you will give yourself no anxiety about answering it. I shall rejoice to hear of your welfare through other channels, and shall not expect any direct communication, till the time when Providence shall return you safely to your old habitation, and I shall again enjoy those intercourses of affectionate christian friendship, which have so often delighted and warmed my heart.

Miss S. was so good as to allow us the reading of your very affecting letter, wherein you give an account of Mrs. W's. renewed afflictions, and of your first meeting. She has, indeed, been closely disciplined in the school of suffering; and one cannot read of her grief, but with a weeping eye; but I think it was a kind Providence, that sent Dr. Keith to her just at that time, and I make no doubt, she will sing of this mercy, and I hope also of many others in the midst of the apparent frowns of her heavenly Father, and under the gracious, though for the present,

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painful chastisements of his hand. I have tenderly participated in the happy, and christian meeting with Dr. Keith's relations, and in all the well merited respect and affection, which you have received through all your journey, and I have been proud in my heart to say, well, this is our minister; these are our friends; in short, my dear Mrs. Keith, you have been in all my thoughts, in all my prayers; and no day has passed, that we have not spoken of you in the family more or less. Our city has been most uncommonly healthy, and yet there have been several remarkable deaths, from which we may learn and fear, and be mindful of our blessed Saviour's admonition to us, always to watch. Among these, may be numbered Mr. M. who, after a very few days warning, was, about a fortnight ago, called from time to eternity. By his death, a new breach is made in a family, which has lately experienced severe bereavements; and yesterday, the remains of that picture of strength and health, Dr. B. were committed to their parent earth with great funeral solemnity, and amidst an amazing concourse of spectators. His illness was but of three days continuance, and I believe no apprehensions of danger were entertained for him, till within a few hours of his dissolution. His youngest child had been ill for some time, and died about twenty four hours

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after its father. May you, my very dear friends, continue to experience the guardian care of our God and Saviour, through the remainder of your journey. May you be happy in his presence; and having enjoyed a full measure of temporal and spiritual blessings, may you return safe and satisfied; you, my dear Mrs. Keith, to a circle of fond relatives and friends, and you, my honoured pastor, to dispense again to your attached people, those instructions of wisdom and piety, with which they have been so often delighted and edified.

From your affectionate friend,
MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY.

The following letters were addressed to Miss Elizabeth Brailsford by her attached and affectionate friend, Martha Laurens. They are without date, but from circumstances appear to have been written in England, and consequently between the sixteenth and twenty sixth years of the age of the writer.*

MY DEAR B.

WHAT do you think of my begging your acceptance of a pack of cards? Yes, I do, indeed, and sincerely hope you may understand so well how to manage them as to be

* These letters are arranged in the order in which they were received.

EDITOR.

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a continual winner. Those who play with these cards, seek to gain, not heaps of shining dust, but an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away. O, may we learn wisdom from the children of this generation; and not suffer their care for things temporal to outdo ours for things eternal. See how the gambler gives up his time and talents, and neglects his sleep and meals to gratify his ruling passion; and shall we, who have so glorious an object to engage our affections, as the precious Saviour, and whose highest aim should be to love and serve him; shall we, I say, fold our arms in shameful inactivity and be content with our low attainments? May grace forbid, and may the desirable end in view animate our zeal, enliven our hearts, and stir us up to greater diligence. It often makes me tremble to behold the unutterable ardour with which worldly persons pursue their beloved amusements, and with how much languor I follow him, whom I acknowledge as the sovereign of my heart, and possessor of my warmest passions. I reason with myself thus; surely he whom my soul loveth is infinitely more estimable than the idol of these deluded mortals; and if I were as much in earnest in my pursuits as they are in theirs, I should act as consistently as they do. Then am I bowed down, and my spirits droop; sorrow

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overwhelms me; I go mournfully; and am ready to cry out, I am no christian, no child of God, till the condescending Jesus speaks this comfortable language to my soul. "Fear not, thou trembling worm. I am thy salvation; I have loved thee, and will love thee; I hear thy groanings, and thy complaint is not hid from me. I bear the imperfections of thy best services, as well as the guilt of thy worst sins; thy restlessness, because thou lovest me no more, and desires to love me better, shall be accepted as an evidence of thy sincerity; be not faithless, but believing; pray without ceasing; and leave thy cause in my kind hands; the men of the world have nothing to resist; every thing co-operates with their inclination, and, therefore, is their way for the present, easy. Thou hast mighty enemies to oppose, the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life are all in league with thy wicked heart against thee; yet, fear not; look unto me, the captain of thy salvation. Though thy foes be many they shall not overcome thee; for I have undertaken for thee, and I will bring thee safely through. When these lovers of the world, having had their good things. and enjoyed the portion which they have chosen, are shut out of my kingdom, then shalt thou appear with boldness in the glory of thy Lord; and having passed through

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floods of conflict, and seas of tribulation, and thy robes being washed in the blood of the Lamb, thou shalt no longer mourn thy frailty and lament thy deficiences; but for ever thou shalt serve me perfectly and enjoy me fully."

O, may we no longer be ungrateful to so kind a Master; but with our whole soul and strength, renounce the world and follow him; may he shed abroad his love into our hearts, begetting love in us, and so captivate us with his matchless beauty, that we may be crucified to the world and all its follies. Draw us, thou loving Saviour, and we will run after thee. Reign thou the unrivalled sovereign of our hearts, and let nothing tempt our souls to wander from thee. O, feed us, day by day, with the bread of life, and let the heavenly food diffuse new vigour and alacrity through all our members, that thus strengthened and refreshed, we may go on rejoicing in our way to Sion, and with holy transport praise continually the God of our salvation.

I hope, Brailsford, you will excuse the length of this scribble. I have unwarily enlarged my limits, and I fear have trespassed on your patience; but the adorable Redeemer and his pleasant paths are themes so delightful, and to converse with you, an employment so agreeable, that I did not know how to lay down my pen.

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I think Mason deserves at least the appellation of a pious writer; and though his style is by no means elegant, yet the sweet comfort and scriptural instruction which many of his writings contain, make them worthy to be read by all those who are in pursuit not of the shadow but the substance.

I should have no good idea of any professor who could not delight in a sermon, however excellent, that was not delivered with the embellishments of oratory, or like any book which was not dressed with the graces of fine language. A diamond, though unpolished, possesses intrinsic worth; and gospel truths, however expressed, are highly valuable, and will be relished by every sincere christian, even from the lips of the most unlettered member.

I shall see you in about an hour's time, or perhaps sooner; till then, adieu. Receive the most affectionate greetings from yours,

M. LAURENS.

TILL now, my dear girl, I never knew how much I loved you; the loss of your company pains me exceedingly, and I lament your absence with unfeigned regret; from my first acquaintance I have been attached to you, and

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every month has beheld you growing in my esteem; but in the last week which I spent with you, you have entirely finished the conquest, and imprinted on my soul your beloved image, in characters so indelible, that neither time nor absence can ever erase them. How often since the 31st. of July have I wished for my Brailsford; never have I beheld a beautiful prospect, but I thought with how much more pleasure I should enjoy it, if you were with me, and with what satisfaction we should join in adoring the Divine hand, which so bountifully clothes the earth with elegance, and enriches it with plenty for the convenience and delight of undeserving man.

As we are generally willing to believe what we wish, I cannot help thinking that my dear Eliza, feels for me in some degree, what I do for her; and that I have at least some little part in her tenderest affection.

I trust too, that our regard for each other is founded, on a noble basis; and that united by christian bonds, our friendship will be eternal. I glory in an intimacy with one who seems so sincere a lover of the Lord Jesus, and with whose conversation I have been so often delighted and refreshed; and the very thought of our treading together the narrow way that leads to bliss, rejoices me beyond expression. How much reason have I for thankfulness, that at a time when my heart is pe-

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culiarly softened, and I have an utter disrelish for all worldly company, God has blessed me with a friend, who will not despise me for an attachment to religion, but rather encourage and assist me in my progress. I recollect with a mixture of joy and sorrow, some moments that we have spent together, when free from intruders, and could with pleasure transport myself to the dear little room.

Yet, dear friend, though mountains lie between us, and a vast extent of land separates our mortal frames, do not our souls hold intimate communion! They do.

> Absent in body, not in mind,
> Our souls continue one.

Shall I not add;

> While each to each in Jesus joined,
> We happily go on.

If in Jesus, it must be happily; what though fortune fail, friends forsake, and enemies triumph, let us walk together in Jesus.

> We cannot sink with such a prop
> As bears the world and all things up.

Oh! Brailsford, what unbelieving hearts must we have, if we ever distrust a gracious Providence, or indulge anxiety a moment. Who has upheld us from our mother's womb, and who preserved us in each changing scene of life from various dangers? Who but the

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same God, who is still kind, and whose compassion extends far beyond our utmost thoughts, far, far beyond our deserts.

Let us not fear them, but confide in him whose promise never fails. The rock of ages is our security; Jesus our advocate, and the Spirit our guide and comforter.

Each trial and distress loses its unpleasing aspect, regarded as the messenger of good to our souls, as the mark of our adoption, and our privilege, as heirs of Heaven. In Jesus then let us still go on; it will, it must, it cannot fail of being happily for us.

To view him bearing his cross will sweeten ours, and make it pleasant. He having finished his work, and gained the victory for us; as our forerunner he is gone to prepare for us places, infinitely glorious, and sufficiently delightful, to counterbalance every troublesome incident, and each difficulty we may meet with in the rugged road of life.

MY DEAR BRAILSFORD,

It gives me great concern to be so long without seeing you; but as nothing save the weather prevents me, I will not complain; for I think to be angry with the weather is but an oblique murmuring against him at whose command the winds blow and the rains fall.

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I hoped that your dear mamma's spirits are not greatly depressed, and I especially trust that my dear Brailsford, to the honour of her christian character, exerts her every influence in the service, and to the comfort of this dear mamma, and that her very countenance tends to dissipate melancholy. Am I not saucy to dictate to you, who are far more capable of instructing me? I hope you do not deem it so, since I mean not to teach, but merely, according to the sentiment of the wise man, as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend, to speak freely to my much esteemed Eliza, and in compliance with the precept of the Apostle, "to exhort her to love and good works;" besides, my dear, it serves the double purpose of setting me on my guard; for since the death of our pious friend, till the last evening, a thick gloom has hung around my brow, and very much unfitted me for every relative duty; but prayer and reflection have taught resignation, and blessed be God that it is with a degree of sweet experience that I sing;

Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials lay me at his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

To a blessed perfection are they indeed arrived, who can number their sweetest moments among the times of their sharpes

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trials; and who, in the deepest night of affliction, can rejoice in the God of their salvation.

My highest ambition is to have my will lost in the will of a kind unerring God; and under every dispensation to lie as a submissive humble child at the feet of a compassionate father; to be made one with Christ, and simply to follow the Lamb, whithersoever he leads, since we may rest assured that the end of the journey, and the kingdom into which we shall enter, will sufficiently compensate for all the troubles of the way. I beg pardon, my dear friend, for having detained you so long; but when once I begin a conversation with you, I know not where to end. Burn, I beseech you, this scrawl as soon as you have read it. My uncle and aunt, my dear friend, are neither of them well; methinks I see your friendly bosom heave with sympathetic sorrow. I shall be particularly obliged to you for the archbishop of Cambray's Dissertation on Pure Love, and will take great care of the book.

My love to your mamma and Susan, and believe me,

Your ever affectionate

M. LAURENS.

You will rejoice to hear, my dear Brailsford, that I have had the most abiding sense

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of my own nothingness, and lived in the most happy nearness to our covenant God and Father, ever since I left Bristol. I don't know that I have been one day straightened in prayer, or backward to duty. The candle of the Lord hath indeed shone bright upon me, and the precious Saviour hath manifested his pardoning love and merciful acceptance in a most wonderful manner to my soul. I had for a long while before been walking in darkness and distress, longing for a return of such days, as I had once experienced; and crying out in bitterness of spirit, O that it were with me, as in times past, that the shadows would disperse, and the reviving light break in upon my benighted soul; at length I submitted myself wholly to God; acknowledged that his hand was not shortened that he could not save, nor his ear heavy, that he could not hear; but it was my iniquities that had separated between him and my soul, and brought me thus low. I bowed at his feet, desiring to be filled with resignation, and enabled to declare him righteous in all his ways, and just in all his judgments, even though I should go mourning all my days. I hated myself, because of all my vileness, and resolved, before the Lord, that if I could not find comfort in him, I would never, never seek it in any thing besides. I set myself more diligently to read the word of God; lived as

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much as possible in silence and retirement, endeavoured unwaveringly to fix my eye upon a bleeding, loving, sin atoning Jesus; and without ceasing, said unto him, for thy passion's sake restore my comfort; yet not my will, but thine be done. I would not follow thee merely for the loaves and fishes, but be content to partake also of the wormwood and gall; and, O, my dear B. when he had thus humbled me, made me to suffer for sin, and brought me to the foot of the cross; he gave me in a moment that which he had so long withheld, and satiated my longing soul. From that time I have been in a most desirable frame, day by day, enjoying sensible communion with him whom my soul loveth, and filled with abundance of heavenly consolation. My conscience has been made very tender, and I am more than ever fearful of grieving the Spirit of God, and falling into such a course of folly as shall provoke him to depart; yet withal I have a thorn in my flesh, something to keep me from being puffed up with these large measures of comfort. Whenever pride begins to rear its head, and swell its haughty bosom, I think of that levity which tinctures all my actions, and makes my behaviour oftentimes very unworthy the profession of a christian. I am now striving and praying most earnestly against a trifling spirit, and hope through the grace of God,

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that my labour shall not be in vain in the Lord. From my first conviction I loved my bible, but it is now become most peculiarly precious to me. I esteem it indeed, "as a bundle of myrrh, and a most delightful nose-gay." The contemplation of its divine truths engages me to live much in prayer; and the more I pray, the more disposed I find myself to search and study the scriptures. Assist me, my dear fellow traveller, to sing the praises of that Jesus, who has thus wrought wonders for me, and brought me out of great darkness into his marvellous light.

Rejoice with me, that I, who am less than the least of all saints, and utterly unworthy the least drop of comfort, should be thus blessed with the plenteousness of God's love, and satisfied with large draughts of living water.

I was reading, a few mornings ago, the 3d. of Hebrews, and I resolved in my mind to mention it to you the first time I wrote; it appears to me one of the most expressive paintings of the dreadful nature of an evil heart of unbelief in the whole bible; and to contain enough to incite us to a continual praying, that that cursed sin may not hinder us from entering into the rest prepared for the people of God.

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MY DEAR BRAILSFORD.

WITH regard to our journey, the hand of God, that kind and bountiful hand, which from the first moment of our lives has been showering upon us innumerable benefits, was still over, and with us to guard and to guide. It was well worth being detained a few days in Bristol, to have the roads in the agreeable state which we found them; and I think I may learn from henceforward never to murmur at any disappointment, but to believe that every particular circumstance is ordered for some wise, and good end. I am happy to inform you, my dear aunt's amendment is answerable to our most sanguine expectations. I hope that breathing this fine air for two or three months, will give her as much health as her delicate constitution will admit of. My dear uncle is in much the same state as when he left you; friendship interests itself in all the concerns of the beloved object, and makes its cares and pleasures her own; to you, therefore, there needs no apology for treating particularly on the health and affairs of my dearer halves; on the contrary, should I neglect them, you would be disgusted with my ingratitude and banish me from your esteem.

From the window where I sit, I behold cloud topt hills and lowly vallies, rural cot-

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t[illegible]s, and pretty chirping birds, which form a[illegible]easing variety to charm the senses, and f[illegible] the heart of every susceptible creature with sentiments of love and gratitude to the beneficent Creator. Our parlour commands a view of the sea, and as the wind has been pretty high, I have had an opportunity of observing the awful works of Nature, while the swelling billows, with an angry roar, dash themselves against the submissive sand.

I hope soon to see you in Teignmouth; but should the decree of Providence appoint another lot for you, believe me, I shall ever be tenderly solicitous about your welfare; your temporal, but especially your spiritual concerns will ever lie near my heart, and I shall never cease to entreat a merciful and prayer hearing God, for the sake of our dear Saviour, to grant you abundance of grace, to strengthen you with might by his spirit in the inner man, and so to lead you here with his counsel, that hereafter he may receive you into those mansions of unfading bliss, which he hath prepared for every true believer.

That the blessings of God may ever attend you, is the constant wish and prayer of

Your affectionate friend,

M. Laurens.

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TO MRS. WILSON, NOW MRS. SIMONS.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I SEND you the book, Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion, which I promised, and which I beg you will accept as a token of my affection. I think it a most excellent treatise, well calculated to awaken those who are careless about their soul's salvation, and full of heavenly comfort for those who are in trouble of mind, body, or estate; you are very much on my heart and in my thoughts, and my earnest prayer to God for you is, that he may support you in all your trials, and so sanctify them to you, that in the end you may have reason to bless him for what at present seems most bitter and severe; and to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, for now have I learned thy word." With sincere christian sympathy and friendship, I remain

Your affectionate

M. L. RAMSAY.

October 22, 1790.

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NOTE TO MISS JULIANA HAZLEHURST.

April, 1811.

MY DEAR JULIANA,

WILL you oblige me so far as to lend me the memoirs of miss Elizabeth Smith. This book is not in the library, which is the cause of your receiving this little note of entreaty from your admirer,

And affectionate friend,

M. L. RAMSAY.

To this an answer was returned, but by mistake addressed to the daughter Martha, instead of the mother of the same name, which occasioned the following note.

TO MISS HAZLEHURST.

I SHALL never again be able, my dear Juliana, to reproach my daughter, M. H. L. R. for writing a careless note, and still more careless hand, since her discriminating neighbour has seen no difference between her performance and mine, in either style or penmanship.

From your favourable opinion of miss Smith's Memoirs, I shall read the book with a prepossession unfavourable to impartial judgment, so much am I influenced by the opinion of those I esteem and love.

I am, dear Juliana,

Your affectionate

MARTHA, *Senior*.

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TO MISS HAZLEHURST.

If, my dear Juliana, the contents of the annexed note, an acceptance on the part of the Rev. Dr. Kollock, of an invitation to breakfast the next morning, joined to the pleasure your company will give us, have any weight with you, I request you will breakfast with us. Dr. Kollock was the first person who mentioned Elizabeth Smith to us with tender encomium. You have known how to appreciate her merit; and I believe so sincere has been your admiration of it, that in the most valuable circumstances of her life, you are imitating her example. I hope I shall feel that you are as obliging to those you love, as she was, by your permitting me to introduce a person on whom maternal care has been so well bestowed, to a gentleman, (Dr. Kollock) so capable of valuing female merit.

I remain your affectionate

PATTY.

April 9, 1811.

TO MISS HAZLEHURST.

DEAR JULIANA,

If you are not acquainted with bishop Taylor's writings, I am persuaded you will find many things in the book (Taylor's Holy

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Living and Dying) which I send you, which will be pleasing to your intelligent and pious mind. The devotions for solemn festivals are, I think, very pathetic, and shew him to have been a man deeply exercised in religious matters. If they contribute to edification or consolation, I shall rejoice to have thought of the book and of you at the same time.

From your affectionate friend,

MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY.

April 12, 1811.

Charleston, January 10, 1794.

MY DEAR MISS SPROAT,

THE wish you express in Mrs. Keith's letter, that I should write to you, is of that nature, that I cannot refuse to comply with it; and were my ability to say any thing to the purpose on the subject, equal to my feelings and sympathy on the sad occasion of your sorrows, I should not write in vain; but alas, in such mournful seasons as you have experienced, vain is the help of man. None, but the hand which has smitten, can heal, and God, that has cast down, can alone raise and support the afflicted and dejected soul. Yet I know it is our duty to weep with those that weep, and our privilege to draw nigh to

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the throne of Grace for others as well as for ourselves. I hope I have not failed in this duty, or in the exercise of this privilege with regard to your family. You have been very much in my thoughts and on my heart, and by day, and by night, I have not ceased to make mention of you in my prayers, that God would be your refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Perhaps we never feel so much of the goodness of God as in times of deep affliction, when they are accompanied by that sanctifying grace, which I trust has had, and will continue to have its operation under the great and repeated bereavements which you have met with, and are still lamenting. When the soul, with deep humility and sincerity, is brought to say, I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, and to lament that evil of its nature and those transgressions of heart and life, which make chastisements necessary, either to call us to repentance or to quicken us in our way: Then is the light of God's countenance ready to rise upon it, for he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men, but sendeth afflictions in mercy to his people, that they may search and try their ways, and turn again to their God, who is only waiting for this return to show them how gracious he is, and what tender compassions are found in

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his heart. When our earthly comforts fail, then we feel the blessing of having a heavenly and never failing friend, who is with us, and watching over us at all times; but whom we are too apt to forget in what we call the day of our prosperity, and never truly to turn to, till repeated and sore disappointments have taught us the vanity of all earthly expectations and created good. Then like the prodigal, dissatisfied with our husks, and our far and desolate country, we turn our faces Sionward, we call upon God our Father, and desire to be fed with that bread which cometh down from Heaven; and this is the Lord's opportunity; it is to bring us to this humility of spirit, this brokenness of spirit, this fitness to receive divine communications, that he sends us those afflictive Providences, which force our consciences to a stand, make us examine and try our ways, and lift our hearts as well as our hands to God in the heavens. Then it is that God makes us feel his all sufficiency to support and comfort us; to bring good out of evil; and by his divine presence and consolations, makes up to us all our earthly losses, and heals our bleeding hearts; and thus it is, dear miss Sproat, that I hope you will be enabled to sing of mercy, as well as judgment. Great have been your trials, but great also, has been the admixture

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of divine compassion. You have good hope through grace, for the dear friends, who by an awful Providence have been taken from you, that they are not lost, but gone before. Your dear and honoured father particularly was ripe for glory, and is gone to receive the reward of his pious labours. And in the midst of your tears for yourself, your heart should feel some joy for your friends, that they have an everlasting period put to all their sins, and sorrows, and temptations here below, and have their souls full of holiness; their hearts filled with joy, and their mouths with the everlasting praises of that God and Saviour, who hath brought them safely through their pilgrimage and fixed them in the new Jerusalem beyond the fear of falling; and now what remains for us to do, but with faith and patience to follow those who are now inheriting the promises. God gives us line upon line, and precept upon precept, but perhaps no precepts sink so deep in our hearts as those, which come in the form of crosses. We hear good sermons, we read good books, but whole years of hearing and reading do not teach us so much of the vanity of the creature, and of our dependance on God, as the running dry of one spring of earthly enjoyment; and we hardly ever feel this the wilderness world which, in reality, it is, till some of our comforts fail or forsake us, and

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we begin one way or other to feel very much alone in it; then we turn to God, and desire to find in him that rest to our souls, which we can find in nothing else. I am no novice, my dear miss Sproat, in the school of affliction. I have known outward trials and inward pangs; and I pray the great Captain of our salvation, who himself was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, to give us both such a sanctified use of our respective crosses, that we may be the better for them in time, and praise him for them through all eternity.

I trust the heavy cloud of your bereavements has burst with some blessings over us here. Our worthy Mr. Keith appears to have been affected and touched to very good purpose; and has given us not a few such sermons since the visitation on your city, and the deaths in your family, as show his mind to have been most piously exercised, and of which he will see the blessed effects, when he comes to find out those perfectly in heaven, than he can or than it would be right for him to know on earth, the souls whom he has edified, strengthened, and comforted by his faithful labours among us. I have, by one circumstance or other been much less with your dear sister than I could have wished; but I am happy to say that God, in whom she believed, has graciously supported her

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under her pressures of mind, and great bodily weakness; and has enabled her to glorify him by a calm, and christian resignation to his will; and I trust he will bring her out of this furnace as gold seven times purified. My dear miss Sproat, I pray God to bless her and you, and the remaining branches of your family; and feel my heart particularly drawn out for the little baby left in your care, that you may be a mutual blessing to each other; and I remain with great sympathy and affection yours,

MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY.

Charleston, September 13, 1796.

MY DEAR MISS SPROAT,

I FEEL myself under the awful necessity of being the bearer of heavy tidings to you; and I confess, that I shrink so much from the task, that I have hardly resolution to hold the pen. Nevertheless in cases of duty we must not confer with flesh and blood, but endeavour to act with firmness. Need I keep your mind any longer in the anguish of suspense. Our pious friend, your sister in the flesh, our sister in Christ, our dear Mrs. Keith, shall I say she is dead, or with more christian propriety express myself by saying,

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she who has long lived the life of faith on earth, now lives, as our hope and belief for her in Jesus is, the life of vision and glory in heaven. She who but a few hours ago was embodied in flesh, troubled by sin, depressed by weakness, is now a glorified spirit free from sin, free from sorrow, and has forever done with the evils of mortality; it is so, indeed, my dear miss Sproat. At five o'clock this morning, your dear sister bid farewell to sin and sorrow, after an illness (supposed to be an affection of the liver) not deemed dangerous till within these eight days. Mr. Keith and the little girl lately taken under their protection had both been sick for some time. Mrs. Keith was complaining, but not enough to alarm her friends, till about the time I have mentioned above. From the day she was thought seriously ill, she has declined very rapidly, and for some part of this time her ideas suffered considerable derangement. Nevertheless she has given such testimonies of her confidence in God, of her trust in, and dependance on her Saviour, even in the dark valley of the shadow of death, as are highly consolatory to us, who have witnessed them. As long as she could speak, she spoke for Christ, and when she had no longer the power of utterance, with any degree of ease, she gave signs of joy, and short answers expressive that the promises which

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we whispered in her ear, were savingly, preciously, comfortably applied to her heart. And now my dear miss Sproat, what shall I say to you? I feel disposed to say to you, in the midst of the sorrows of nature and the bemoanings of sisterly affection, rejoice in the Lord, and again I say rejoice. Let the thoughts of her bliss, of the glory with which she is now surrounded, of which she is now possessed, enable you not only to submit, but even to rejoice in this tribulation; and may the Spirit of grace and consolation, bring such promises and gospel supports to your recollection, as may be suited to your case, and which, did I feel myself equal to the undertaking, I could but suggest; he only could apply. I should say something of our very dear friend Mr. Keith. Oh he behaves under this trial, like the affectionate friend, the tender, bowed down, bereaved husband; yet like the exercised, the experienced, the established christian. I trust he has learned many an useful lesson from our departed friend, and I hope he will now be enabled to put them in practice. You will excuse me from writing more at length; I feel myself too much overcome to be able to do it. May God support and comfort our dear Mr. Keith, Mrs. Spencer, you, my dear Miss Sproat, and all most intimately interested in the dear deceased; and sanctify this stroke of

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his providence to many in the congregation, who have been witnesses of her zeal and sincerity in the service of our dear Lord and Master; that in addition to the good she has done, while living, she, though dead in the flesh, yet living in our hearts, may still speak to the glory of God, and the good of souls. With my sincere prayers for you, my dear Miss Sproat, I remain with sympathizing regard,

Your friend and servant,
MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY.

TO MISS M. E. L. PINCKNEY.*

"THAT it is better to go to the house of mourning," is not only one of those assertions, which, coming from the pen of inspiration, we are bound humbly to receive as truth; but I believe, dear Mary, the experience of every feeling heart, which has gone on but a moderate way in the journey of life, will testify, that by the occasional sadness of the countenance, the heart is made better; and that sympathy with our fellow creatures is not only grateful to them, but useful to ourselves.

I went early into the garden to breathe fresh air, and delight myself with the fair face of

* This note was not received in season to be inserted in the first edition of these memoirs.

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nature, and to cut some sweet flowers for my sweet Fan and you. None of your cousins are yet stirring, and I thought I would write a little note in their stead. The tone of my mind has framed the style of my letter. We are going this morning to attend the funeral of our dear respected Mr. Coram; and this evening or afternoon, our poor Jack will be carried to his last earthly home. As we ought to learn good from every thing, I hope I shall profit by the lesson of to day, and not only rejoice in the many sun shine days of my life, but to make a good use too of a cloudy one. It seems a long time since I have seen Fan and you. I think your cousins, as well as myself, would be delighted if you were to come early and drink tea with them. Darling Sabina, with all her youthful spirits, has shown so much feeling for poor Mrs. Coram, as makes me love her, and admire that sweet elasticity of her virtuous mind, thus accommodating itself to passing circumstances, more than I can express.

Adieu, dear girls, and
believe me tenderly yours,
M. L. RAMSAY.

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY MRS. RAMSAY, TO HER SON AT PRINCETON COLLEGE.*

FROM MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY, TO DAVID RAMSAY, JUNIOR, AT PRINCETON COLLEGE.

Charleston, May 7, 1810.

THE first thing I did when you left me, dear David, was to retire for a few moments to your chamber, and relieve my labouring heart, by commending you solemnly and affectionately to the good Providence of our heavenly Father. I composed myself as soon as possible, and set about my accustomed domestic duties. Soon after Dr. Abeel came in; he passed a parting half hour with us, and began his journey the same evening. I should be glad that my wishes and my hopes about the perfect recovery of this excellent and interesting man, held at all equal pace. But I confess that I wish more than I dare hope.

While I was in your chamber, I discovered the little treatise (Dr. Waterhouse's lecture to the students of the university of Cambridge on smoking tobacco) which your father had requested you to read, and which,

* Many of the same kind, written by her on a preceding similar occasion, were unfortunately destroyed in 1782, when the College was burnt.

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in the main, I approve of so highly that I have given away half a dozen to persons in whom I am much less interested than in you. I sent it after you by Cooney, who says you received it safely. I hope its contents will not be lost upon you, nor the book itself lost by you. While we were in church on Friday afternoon, there came up a severe thunder-storm; and while Mr. Palmer was in the act of praying for you and your fellow passengers, the flashes of lightning and peals of thunder added not a little to the solemn feeling of many persons in the church, interested most tenderly in the fate of the mixed multitude on board the Pennsylvania.

I shall be counting the days till I hear from you. It will be no disappointment to me, or rather it will give me no pain to learn that you have not entered the junior class: to whatever class you belong, do your duty in it. Be respectful to your superiors, live affectionately with your equals; make yourself a party in no broils; but mind your own business; give dignity to the Carolinian name; write to me accurately on every subject which concerns you. Be not ashamed of religion; read your Bible diligently; it will not only make you wise unto salvation, but you will find in it excellent directions for your conduct in the affairs of this life. Your grandfather, Laurens, used to say, if men

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made a good use of only the book of Proverbs, there would be no bankruptcies, no failures in trade; no family dissentions; none of those wide spreading evils which, from the careless conduct of men in the common concerns of life, desolate human society; and I can assure you, the more you read this divine book, the more you will love and value it. I long to hear from you, and with tender affection subscribe myself, your friend and mother.

M. L. RAMSAY.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

May 14, 1819.

I now write to you, dear David, to thank you for your letter from on board ship, which I received the day before yesterday; and which was highly acceptable both to your father and myself.

If your father and I were not very loving and very industrious people, we should feel very solitary at present. John, David, and James at a distance; the rest out of hearing; and all the young ones away. These circumstances make a great change in our household, and one which needs both love and labour to make it tolerable. There is

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now no polite attention at the long table to wait till a servant is disengaged. Even slow-paced Jack is more than we want at our lessened board. I now long very much to hear from you; it seems to me a great while since we parted; and if you knew the delight your ship-letter had given your parents as a mark of attention, affection and home love, I am sure it would make your heart happy. My anxiety that you should behave well, and make the very best use of your collegiate opportunities is very great. But I thank God, I feel much of the cheerfulness of hope. I know you have good abilities, quick apprehension: I trust you will not be indolent, and that a manly shame (to be ashamed to do wrong is a manly feeling,) will prevent your adding yourself to the list of the Carolina triflers, whose conduct has brought a college, such as Princeton, into disrepute. I hope you will feel a laudable pride in inheriting your father's literary reputation in the college where he received an education, of which he has made so excellent an use; yet an education much below what you may receive at the same institution, from the great improvements made in every branch of science since his time. I hope absence wont weaken your affection. Continue to love us; the more you love your father and mother, the more you endeavour

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to oblige them, the wiser, the better, the happier you will be; and at some future period, when standing in the relation of a parent yourself, you will have sensations unknown to all but parents; the consciousness of having been a good son, will fill you with inexpressible delight. God bless you, my dear son; your father joins in love to you, with your faithful friend and mother,

M. L. RAMSAY.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

June 13, 1810.

AN open candid disposition endears a young person much to his friends, and must make him very comfortable to himself. That sort of reserve, which arises from a conciousness of having wasted the time which ought to have been devoted to study, and being consequently unprepared for answering any questions proposed; or from a sullen unyielding temper, which shrinks from investigation, except when proceeding from tutors and masters it cannot be avoided, is a reserve so unlovely that I witness it with pain, and I do most earnestly beseech you to strive against such a temper, which if unresisted and unsubdued, will show itself on a thousand occasions be-

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sides that specified above. Even an incorrect answer, if given in an amiable tone of voice, indicating a desire to be set right if found in error, is preferable to silence, or to an unwilling reply, even if a correct one. God has given you an excellent understanding. Oh, make use of it for wise purposes; acknowledge it as his gift; and let it regulate your conduct and harmonize your passions. Be industrious; be amiable. Every act of self-denial will bring its own reward with it, and make the next step in duty and in virtue easier and more pleasant than the former.

I am glad you like your room-mate. I hope he is one who will set you no bad example, and with whom you may enjoy yourself pleasantly and innocently. I delight to hear every thing about you, and you can have neither pleasure nor pain in which I do not sincerely and affectionately participate.

Eleanor and I drank tea with aunt Laurens last evening. Frederick, fourteen days younger than William, was learning Fructus and Cornu, with such earnestness, in order to be ready for Mr. Moore against the next day, that I could hardly believe it was my wild nephew. Mild John was in a corner smiling, and helping Frederick whenever he seemed to be at a loss.

The girls all send their love to you; so do parnoble your good friend and sister desires

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not to be forgotten. Mrs. Coram is constant in her inquiries after you; so are many other [illegible]ds. It is a charming thing to be belov-

God bless you, my very dear child; may he watch over your youth, and keep you from shame. I embrace you with an overflowing tide of affection.

MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

July 18, 1810.

FROM the tenor of your last letter, it may be fairly inferred that you are dissatisfied with the strictness of a collegiate course; and if you should not go through a collegiate course, what then? Can you go through any virtuous course without economy, industry and selfdenial? Can you fit yourself for usefulness on earth, or happiness in heaven, in any other way than doing your duty in the station in which God has placed you? And if your chief ambition is, without caring whether you are as wise or good, to wish at least to be richer than your father and mother, will not a diligent attention to collegiate studies and duties be the readiest method to fit you for such eminence in whatever profession you choose, as shall enable you to

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attain this golden treasure. I assure you, many young men with less means than you have, or are likely to have, for nothing really necessary or comfortable, I trust in Providence, shall be wanting to you, have felt it a great privilege to go through a collegiate course, and have afterward come to be eminent, respectable, and wealthy.

I would never wish my judgment to be warped by my feelings, especially by offended feelings, to do any thing harsh. I would rather even have it blinded by such affection for my dear children, as would make my tenderness overstep perhaps the exact bound of maternal prudence; both extremes would be best avoided. "Give me thine heart my son," is the language of scripture; and where there is any heart worth giving or worth having, I believe it is seldom refused to the authors of our being, the protectors of our infancy; to the father, whose fond ambition it is to see his son distinguished in life; the mother, who, with a throbbing heart and moistened eye, is continually addressing the throne of heaven for the welfare of her dear child; and to the sisters, ever ready to reciprocate the tender charities of domestic endearment, and ever cheerfully sacrificing something of their own convenience for the advancement of their brothers. I pray God to bless you, and to give you grace to make

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a good use of an understanding, which I am sure you possess, to give a right bias to energies and sensibilities, which, wrongly directed, will make you foolish and miserable. With sincere prayers for your improvement in wisdom and virtue, wishing you an affectionate heart and industrious habits, I remain your faithful friend, your tender mother,

M. L. RAMSAY.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

August 26, 1810.

DEAR DAVID,

I AM at present undergoing a very severe affliction, and have for a fortnight past been so much occupied and agitated, that I have let one post after another pass without writing to you. You know however all my mind toward you; have my precepts and opinion upon every subject which can materially interest you; and whether I write or am silent, my maternal love, my tender anxiety for my son, for my dear husband's namesake, can never be for one moment a matter of doubt to you. Your sister, Miss Futerell, expects to embark for Liverpool, on her way to London, the day after tomorrow. Business of importance, and the desire of being with her

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mother, become aged and infirm, is the cause of her voyage. She has been attempting a return to England for many months; but the obstructions to an intercourse between that country and ours made it impossible to get a passage, but by some very roundabout way. Your father is more affected on this occasion than it is common for men to manifest. With regard to myself and your sisters, need I describe our situation? Miss Futerell is bowed down with grief at our separation; and I think this is a grief in which you will, to a certain degree, participate; she loves you with a very warm affection, and entertains such an opinion of your heart and understanding, that she is often saying, I expect great things from David; she will hardly ever allow me even to express a fear of your doing ill; and declares, however such fears may intrude on the heart of a mother, and especially of a Carolinian mother, I have no cause for it. Yesterday she said to me, "I am going to leave you, and it is mournful to me to leave you burdened with care on so many accounts; but keep up your spirits; repose your hope in God; particularly, don't be uneasy about David; he will do well. Exhort him to be industrious; not to be contented with low attainments, and all will be well; much good seed has been sown by you; and I think it has fallen on good ground. He

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knows the truth; he has imbibed sound principles; from time to time, in his life, he has thought very seriously; he will do you no discredit; and he will become a valuable member of society." I pray God, my dear son, her predictions may be true; she has always been a kind friend and adviser to you and to your brothers and sisters; and is, I believe, as deeply interested for you all as it is possible for any but a mother to be. I hope you will now recollect all her admonitions of love, and profit by them. If you were a little older, had well profited by your education, and we could meet the expense, I should have no objection to your accompanying this dear friend; and while she was transacting her business, that you should be taking, before you settled down in life, a survey of that world of wonders, London.

Your vacation is now at no great distance. I hope you are not trifling away this prime of your days, content with such attainments as will excuse you from censure; but emulous of ranking with the most studious, most prudent, and most virtuous of your companions. I wish I could inspire you with a laudable ambition, and with feelings that would make you avoid any unnecessary intercourse with the bucks, the fops, the idlers of college; and think that the true intention of going to a seminary of learning is to attain science,

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and fit you hereafter to rank among men of literary and public consequence. Our intention is that you shall spend the vacation with your uncle in Baltimore. You will be at Philadelphia in passing. You will be kindly treated by your uncle and his family, and you will find enough to amuse you in Baltimore, which is said to be the third city in the United States. At some future opportunity you may visit New York and Boston. But in order to accomplish all, or any of these purposes, you must be frugal, and not attempt to vie in wasting money with the sons of rich planters, who only go to college for fashion's sake, and whose lives are as useless as their expenses. Your father is absent on a visit to Mr. Todd, and from the message brought, I fear his visit will be too late to be of any avail. It will be an additional grief to Miss Futerell to leave Mrs. Todd under affliction, and a heavy affliction to Mrs. Todd to part with such a friend at such a time.

With all a mother's heart,

I remain, dear David, yours,

M. L. R.

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FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

September 11, 1810.

DEAR DAVID,

I WROTE to you not long ago, telling you of the departure of my dear Miss Futerell. Her absence makes every thing desolate to me, and your sisters more than sympathize with me, for in addition to mine they feel their own sorrow. I have in them, however, this consolation, that by every act of their lives, they show how much they have profited by her advice and example; never were parents more blessed than your father and I in daughters; and I hope God will return seventy fold into their bosoms, the comfort they give to ours. Your time of vacation is drawing on. I trust you are not losing your time for study, and that as you grow older, you are resisting every propensity to idleness or folly of any kind. Your judgment must be well informed. You have lived from infancy within the sound of good advice; and although some dispositions are restive under any advice that clashes with their present gratification, I flatter myself, you have a more ingenuous disposition, and that no effort on the part of your parents and friends, to make you wiser, and better, will finally be lost upon you.

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Could you know my anxiety about you, independently of nobler motives, I think, even a spirit of compassion for an afflicted friend, would make you conduct yourself wisely. In the course of a life, not yet very long, I have seen many young persons, with every possible advantage for cultivating their talents, improving their minds, and becoming estimable members of society, lost to themselves, a disgrace to their friends, plagues to society, or mere cyphers in it, from indolence, a slight manner of pursuing their studies, smoking, drinking, an excessive love of finery, of trifling company, or some similar evil indulged in, between the age of fifteen and twenty. Oh, how I shudder, and what a death like faintness and oppression seizes my poor heart, at the thoughts of how I stand in the persons of sons exposed to such a calamity. With bended knees, and streaming eyes, I pray my God, send me help, and ward off such a stroke. I have also seen those who with very scanty means, and almost under every possible disadvantage, have, under the smiles of heaven, been friends, money, advice to themselves, and have risen to shine as lights in the world. Others again, I have seen, who not having to struggle like these last, constantly against wind and tide, and supported only by their own efforts, but situated like yourself under happier circumstances, have repaid the la-

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bours of a father, and the tender exertions of a mother, by doing their part well, and returning home from their different seminaries of education, just such as their parents could wish. Oh! my God, grant that this may be the case with us; preserve David from every evil way; give him grace to make a good use of the powers thou hast given him; and let him not waste the morning of his days in any trifling pursuit, or disgrace it by any thing vicious or ignoble.

Dr. Keith gave us, yesterday, an excellent sermon on these words; "Who can understand his *errors*? Cleanse thou me from secret faults." We ought, dear child, to take great pains to understand our *errors*. We have every one, by nature, some secret *error*, some constitutional defect or vice. In childhood, the advice or authority of parents may restrain it; still it is there; as we grow older, we must watch for ourselves, restrain ourselves, look up to God for help, while we exercise such acts of self denial, as shall break the bias, and keep it from producing a vicious habit, which, alas, may become too strong for us, and be our curse and our master as long as we live. Persons, about your time of life, are apt to think themselves very wise; and to pay very slender attention to the advice of their superiors; this is a very great *error*; as by such conduct, they

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not only deprive themselves of the experience of those older and wiser than themselves, but they appear, and really are very unlovely in their tempers, to those who reprove or advise them, whether parents or others. At your time of life every false appearance of pleasure is taken for a reality, and the restraints of virtuous industry and hard study a burden too heavy to be borne. May God give you wisdom to understand *your errors*, and a manly resolution to resist every temptation to evil, make you lovely in your temper, diligent in the pursuits of useful science, and enable you, by conciliatory and engaging manners, to make friends to yourself among the wise and good wherever you go.

I will do all in my power for my dear children, and must then leave the event to God and their own exertions. I hope they will reap the benefit of my labours, when I shall be quietly resting from them. I hope you will always look on Dr. Smith, not only as president of the college, but as a very dear friend of your mother, and so accustomed to youth as to know every twisting and turning of their hearts, and capable of giving them the best advice. When you go to your uncle's, tell me all about them; you know they are strangers to me, though relations, except himself, and from your uncle I received such brotherly affection, as entirely gained my heart.

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Dr. Waddel has much trouble from the increased number of his town boys; the Charlestonians carry their idleness, their impatience of controul, their extravagance, their self consequence with them wherever they go, and even the best of them are, in general, far inferior to what, with their quick capacities, and lively imaginations, they might be, if they would make the virtuous endeavour.

I remain, with great affection,

Your friend and mother,

MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

November 7, 1816.

DEAR DAVID,

The number of my letters should be no rule for you; you know well the state of my health, and of my affairs, and that every letter I write is in the time stolen from sleep or business, for my eyes do not permit my writing in the evening, my only season of leisure. Since your sister's departure, I have still more to do with less spirits for performance; and during the last month every housekeeper in the interior of the city has been kept in a state of alarm, from the dread of

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fire, increased by the dry state of every thing about us, from the long want of rain, surrounded, as we have been by danger. I thank God we are yet safe. I hope you are doing yourself credit, and preparing yourself for future usefulness in life. I feel a deep and a gnawing anxiety about you; sixteen, seventeen, eighteen! ah, what important years are they in a young man's life; how unformed is his judgment! How false his views of most things! What, but heavenly guidance, can steer him safely through the perils to which he is exposed from within and without, and yet what an age of confidence, of self conceit. How seldom is the eye turned to Heaven, or the ear open to the admonitions of experience, wisdom, or friendship? even the remonstrances of conscience, the reproofs of paternal authority, the counsels and entreaties of maternal tenderness, are scarcely heard amidst the turbulence of youthful passions, and incitements to irregularities.

My tears flow, and my heart aches, while, with the mingled emotions of hope and fear for you, I thus pour forth its sensations. You are now far from me; I can no longer direct your individual actions; I can only give you good advice in general, and pray to God for you. One great guard of youthful virtue is industry. Be then industrious, and employ

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every moment of your time to some valuable purpose. I long to hear from you.

I am with sincere affection,
Your friend and mother,
M. L. RAMSAY.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

November 21, 1810.

DEAR DAVID,

I AM filled with extreme anxiety by your long silence; it is very mortifying to a parent, so tenderly attached to a child as I am to you, to think that, in the leisure of a whole vacation, you have written but once. I have only heard of you, if I may so express myself, negatively. Your cousins, Charlotte and Sophia, who have written to Kitty and Sabina, express their regrets, and those of their parents, that you are not with them, nor from the advanced state of the vacation, likely to be so.

I feel a stronger wish than I have a hope, that I may have been deceived in the opinion which you know I have often delivered to your father, that a boy of fifteen had better be at a grammar-school, than among juniors at college; and when he declares that with

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your good sense, your knowledge of your situation, as one of a large and not rich family, and the necessity of your own exertions to enable you to maintain an honourable standing in society, he feels confident you will never act materially wrong; I can only reply, I pray God you may be right. I shall rejoice in having judged erroneously; but when a boy does not write fully, freely, and frequently to his father and mother, the poor mother's heart cannot help feeling a trembling anxiety, that all is not right with her son.

Your time for improvement will be quickly past; if it is not improved, you will find yourself grown up with the pride of what you call a gentleman; you will have no patrimony to lean upon; your natural talents will be of comparatively little consequence to you, and you will have no talents so cultivated and ready to be brought into action as to make you capable of building up a fortune for yourself; and of all the mean objects in creation a lazy, poor, proud gentleman, especially if he is a dressy fellow, is the meanest; and yet this is generally the character of young men of good family, and slender fortunes, unless they take an early turn to learning and science. I could wish to write you many little local and domestic matters of

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news or amusements, but terrified as I am by hearing nothing of you, *nothing from you*, and interpreting this, *no news* from a cherished son, as bad news, my mind is quite out of tune for any thing of the lighter kind. I was so much attached to my father, and to the uncle and aunt who brought me up, that I lived in the habit of the greatest intimacy with them; your sisters can hardly enjoy a girlish note or a party of pleasure unless mamma shares in it, or knows all about it; and this is so generally the case with virtuous and affectionate children, that wherever there is silence, I dread lest there should be also mystery. I shall rejoice to find it otherwise in your case; and longing to hear from you, and committing the guidance of your youthful steps to that God, to whom I pray for you by day and by night,

I remain, dear child,

Your most affectionate friend and mother,

MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

March 5, 1810.

YOUR letter of November 19, contains this sentiment; "A collegiate course is not very

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necessary to eminence in a profession." Contrast this with the following extract from a letter, dated

"Willington, June 30, 1807.

"I WOULD not omit going to college upon any consideration, for I believe it is very difficult for a young man, who has not had a collegiate education, to get into an extensive practice of any profession." Contrast "the necessity of spending much money in order to maintain as genteel a standing in college as is necessary to be respected," with "dear mother, I am now a very reputable member of society, I am made very much of by Dr. Waddel, and am beloved and respected by all the good boys in the school."

You stated some time ago that, — had four hundred dollars a year; we know that from his mother, who said this covered every expense; you have received money in the same proportion, and rather more. You now talk of spending one hundred dollars for clothes. Your wardrobe must be unnecessarily costly or miserably laid in, and you know that you have no pretensions to waste from the idea that it will not be felt by your parents; you are well aware that it is with much exertion we provide what is comfortable, and have no money to throw away. What

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a weak mind you must have, and how much have I been deceived in its texture, if you suppose that foppish clothes and foolish expenses, or what you call "a genteel appearance" will make you respectable.

I feel more pride, more consciousness of being a lady, by having every thing about my person, the persons of my children, my household, in the plainest style of decency, than I possibly could by endeavouring to cover our moderate circumstances by a tinsel veil of finery, which would deceive no one, and only show the shallowness of my understanding.

With prudence, one hundred dollars will go a great way; without it, ten times the sum will be like water put into a sieve. A gentleman lately returned a graduate from Cambridge, informs me he never spent three hundred dollars a year at college. A lad, son to perhaps the richest parents in Carolina, with only one brother to divide the inheritance, wrote to request his mother, that let him solicit ever so earnestly, his parents would never furnish him with more than five hundred dollars; for that sum would enable him to do many foolish and many generous things, and all beyond it would be shameful dissipation, to which he knew he was too much disposed, and therefore requested temptation might not be administered to him.

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Mr. T. S. Grimke assured me, that with four hundred dollars one might live well at New Haven, and purchase many books; but why multiply examples. The real expense of boarding and tuition in colleges is a matter well known from printed statements; it is easy, therefore, to calculate what beyond it is necessary for the clothing, pocket money and conveniences of a young man, who does not go to college to be a fashionist, to sport various changes of apparel, to drink, to smoke, to game, but to lay in a sufficient stock of knowledge, and to attain such literary honours, as may be the foundation of future usefulness, a fortune to him. With regard to your spending a couple of succeeding years in Charleston. I will oppose all my influence to so mad a scheme. You should rather spend them in the Indian country, and learn the rugged virtues of savages, than in the desultory, dissipated habits of Charleston. I flatter myself your last letter was written under the transient impression of some juvenile folly, which is already dissipated, and that your next letter will be more judicious, better reasoned, and in every respect more worthy yourself. I feel deeply anxious about you; your long silence, the silence of Dr. Smith, after having been my correspondent for so many years, all perplex

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me. I cast you and all my cares on God; praying him to give you wisdom, and to grant me support in every event. Pause, and consider what you are about; a few wrong steps are easier trodden back than many. May God take care of you.

Your affectionate mother,

M. L. RAMSAY.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

March 11, 1811.

DEAR CHILD,

YOUR last letter was written in a strain of affection and good resolution, which gave me great pleasure; and I hoped would have been followed up by more such. I have been confined for upwards of a month, by indisposition, and have only left my house within ten days to attend your uncle's sick room.

It has been almost impossible to collect money, and with great difficulty your father has procured such a fifty dollar bill, as will pass in the northern states, which I now send. For the present, I avoid all remark, advice, or other matter; for it is so near closing of the post, that I fear losing the op-

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portunity. May God bless you, my dear son, and make you a son of comfort and honour to your dear father, and your most affectionate mother and friend,

MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY.

If any should object to the propriety of publishing these private confidential domestic letters, the editor apologizes by observing, that the importance of their contents, as cautions to youth, remote from their parents at seminaries of learning, and also to parents as models for corresponding with their absent sons, and discountenancing their juvenile follies, outweighs, in his opinion, all minor considerations.

In justice to the youth, to whom these letters were addressed, it is declared, that he has never incurred any college censure, nor has he ever been charged with any immoral conduct; that his standing in his class was always, and now is reputable, and his prospect fair for obtaining the degree of A. B. before his eighteenth year is completed; and that the friendly monitions of his mother were not so much reproofs for what had taken place, as provisional guards against what might take place in future; and that there is good reason to believe that these letters, in concurrence with other moral causes, have had the desired effect of confirming him in the steady pursuit of knowledge and virtue.

The letters were, at the request of the editor, to whom their contents were unknown, promptly sent to him from Princeton in July 1811, though the intention of publishing them was communicated in the same letter, which asked for their transmission. EDITOR.

THE END.

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Mrs. Ramsay's sister, Mary Eleanor Pinckney, departed this life in 1794, and in the 25th year of her age, leaving two daughters and a son. These naturally excited the tenderest feelings of their affectionate aunt. As they grew up, an interchange of kind offices almost daily passed between them. To accommodate to her young friends, their aunt laid aside the superiority, which age and relationship gave her, and, placing her neices on the footing of daughters, mingled souls with them, as equal friends, and exchanged notes with them, which were frequently written with a pencil, and most of them without dates. From these the following are selected, as a specimen of the playfulness of her imagination, and an evidence of the overflowings of her love, wishing to impart cheerfulness and communicate happiness to all around her.

TO FRANCES HENRIETTA PINCKNEY.

You shall not be jealous, Dear Fan, about not receiving a letter from me, after such a sweet, feeling note, as you have written me. Cherish, my darling niece, these warm sensibilities for your fellow creatures, and notwithstanding the various ills that "flesh is heir to," they will yield you more pleasure in going through life, than ever they will produce you unmingled pain. I am really proud of your note, and think how happy I am in daughters both at home and a little way off. I feel less grieved that you do not flatter me with the hopes of a visit this evening, as Eleanor and Patty are going to Mrs. Jones's, and will, I dare say, make you a fly, or perhaps, a long teizing musquito of a visit. Well I do love Sunday on many accounts; and as William, in the anticipation of his pocket money, often says to me, when will Saturday come? So I, besides rejoicing in the religious blessings of the Sunday, often say, when will Sunday come? that I may be sure of my Meeting streeters. Good bye, dear Fan, tell Mary to turn that naughty cold out of doors, or I won't send her any flowers for her bow pot, for I shall be afraid, that smelling those sweet roses too much has hurt her delicate nerves, and made her feel as if she had a cold.

from your affectionate,

M. L. RAMSAY.

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FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I regret, dear Fan, that you should think it late, when you left us, if it implies that you found the evening tedious. I was in hopes you had been amused in your corner, as we were in ours, and I believe on our side the chimney, we felt sorry for the signal of 'more house.' I have just dismissed my scholars, and feel a little like a tired old schoolmaster, so you must excuse this short note. I hear Patty capering about in the heighday of youth and freedom from care, so I refer you to her for something amusing, and conclude with my love to dear Frances and Mary.

From their friend and affectionate

M. L. Ramsay

TO MARY ELEANOR LAURENS PINCKNEY.

Pray, dear Mary, put the two sprigs of mignonette in a wine glass full of water by themselves, and place them near you, that when the gentle zephyr wafts their fragrance to your delighted sense, you may think of your flower loving, and neiss loving

M. L. Ramsay.

TO F. H. PINCKNEY.

DEAR FAN,

Patty requests I will tell you she is so busy planting a tree, she cannot answer your note any other way, than by making me a pat's paw. I shall be very much mortified, if you do not drink tea with me this evening. It is by no means cold; and if you wish that sweet bloom to continue on your cheeks, you must let it sometimes meet the wholesome breeze. My love to Mary, and longing to see you both, I remain, dear girls, your attached and affectionate

M. L. Ramsay.

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FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

How comes it, dear Fan, that you cannot oblige your Cousins by joining their party tomorrow evening? Patty's face is so much lengthened since she received your note, that she looks a proper lady Doleful; lest therefore we should think you mean to monopolize the beauty of the family to yourself, let your complainee with your cousins' wishes, dispense some portion of smiles and good looks among them.

Yours with great love,

M. L. RAMSAY.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

DEAR FAN,

Mr. Ogilvie called, in *propria persona*, yesterday morning, to request I would hear his oration this evening. Can I do less than accept the invitation of Mr. Ogilvie, especially as he assures me it is what he thinks his best oration, and will feel himself honoured by my presence. Your cousins tell me you have some thoughts of going, and I shall feel particularly happy, that it should so happen, that on one of the few occasions, when it suits me to go into public, my dear neice should be with me. Pray come early, and you must also consider yourself as invited for tomorrow, when we shall endeavour to have Polls for Skylarks, Bonds to detain Nightingales, and some sweet singing birds to enliven the evening; but it will be no evening to me without my Frances and Mary, so come and oblige your affectionate aunt,

M. L. RAMSAY.

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FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

DEAR FAN,

You have made me feel almost as curious as a young girl with your 'I know what I could say.' And pray Miss Fan, what could you say? Not that you are envious I hope. Remember what we have in hand, you still have a hope, and don't laugh at old folks. Here is Patty in a peck of troubles; her Mercury has dropt by the way the note she sent with mine, and she fears its falling into the hands of some curious decipherer, who will perhaps discover more in it than it means. I comfort myself with the thought, that it will be found on your own floor, as it was put within mine. I have holiday to day, which is the reason why you have two notes. I really long to see you, and I love you with all my heart, only you must spare a bit of it for dear Mary.

I remain your affectionate

M. L. RAMSAY.

FROM DO. WITH A FANCY NAME TO DO.

DEAR GIRLS,

Your cousins have deputed me to entreat you will favour them and Dr. Ramsay with your company to Haddrell's this morning. They wish for you both; but if dear Fan is afraid of her sweet complexion, or has any other real or imaginary fears, pray Mrs. Moll do you come at once, breakfast with your cousins and be off, and let Fan come at her leisure, and dine with poor king George, who either from love to dear mamamy, or some other cause, has determined on staying at home. Now you young people, who are always making me one of your party, don't let me have written in vain. You will have the pleasure of pleasing the whole noble race of Shenkins, and among the whole race, who loves you more, than

MARTHA AP SHENKINS.

These notes were not received in time to be inserted in the first edition of the preceding memoirs. EDITOR.

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